"COMING HOME"

Draft Screenplay

by

Waldo Salt and Bob Jones

1 EXT. CALIFORNIA FREEWAY - DAY

An El Camino races parallel to the ocean, JANIS JOPLIN MUSIC BLASTING from the RADIO.

2 INT. EL CAMINO - DAY

Marine Captain BOB HAYNE leans on his horn as he cuts in and out of traffic. Bob wears a dress uniform with a black armband, his wife, SALLY, is in black with a veil. Both are slightly tight. In their early thirties, they are known as a fun couple, the Sonny and Cher of the Officers' Club. Sally sniffs, points to a red light on the dashboard.

BOB
Goddamn fanbelt...

3 EXT. FREEWAY OFFRAMP - DAY

The El Camino slices through traffic toward an exit.

4 EXT. SERVICE STATION/SMALL GROCERY - DAY

Sally comes out of the grocery store with a sixpack of beer and a wad of paper towels, crosses to the El Camino, where Bob is finishing up with the fanbelt. She gives him the towels, opens them both a can of beer. Bob's face and uniform are smeared with grease.

BOB
(glances at watch)
Shit. But shit...

SALLY
We've got time...

BOB
Fucking funeral...

From another sound perspective, a VOLLEY of RIFLE SHOTS is HEARD.

5 EXT. NAVAL CEMETERY - DAY

A military funeral is ending.

PETTY OFFICER
Aim, fire. Aim, fire. Present, Arms!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

As the bugler sounds tape, we SEE: Bob, still smudged with grease, seated next to his mother, AMANDA HAYNE. Beside his mother is GRANDMOTHER HAYNE, senile and oblivious to the goings on. Sally stands behind Bob, and surrounding her are aging Naval Officers, all in dress uniforms. A few civilians are among the mourners. The empty sleeve of a one-armed captain is flipped from his pocket by the wind and waves in the face of Grandmother Hayne, she doesn't react, continues to stare into space. A grizzled CHIEF PETTY OFFICER retired, with blue weathered skin, cries unashamedly. Limousine drivers are gathered around one of the cars, listening to the news of the Tet Offensive on the RADIO.

ESCORT COMMANDER
Order, Arms.

The band plays "America The Beautiful" while the body bearers fold the flag into a cocked-hat shape, then the chaplain presents the folded flag to Amanda.

ESCORT COMMANDER
Platoon Leaders, take charge.

The bellow of the ESCORT COMMANDER trips off a noisy series of shouted orders as the platoon leaders maneuver their men. As she rises from her chair, Amanda turns to Bob...

AMANDA
Why were you so late?

Before Bob can answer, the grizzled C.P.O. throws an arm around his shoulder...

C.P.O.
(jabbing at Bob's greasy uniform)
Look at yourself, goddamit, you know what your old man would have said? You're out of uniform, sailor. Yessir, his own son or not, he'd of had your ass, kid, he'd of run you up a flagpole and shoved it in. I love that old son-of-a-seacock. Make him proud of you, Robbie, you hear?

Sally has been watching Bob carefully for signs of danger. She takes his arm.

SALLY
Why don't you ride to the airport with your mother, I'll bring the car...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

AMANDA
You're such a dear child. How did you ever get mixed up with that roughneck?

SALLY
Leatherneck.

AMANDA
Leatherneck, roughneck. Jack was such a gentleman...
(a glance to Bob)
... and he always made it a point to be prompt.

BOB
Oh, shit.

AMANDA
He never spoke a coarse word or smoked a cigar in my presence. An Annapolis gentleman.

BOB
Not today...

As they approach a waiting limousine, the news program is turned off. Amanda squeezes Sally's hand.

AMANDA
Don't let him do anything dumb, honey. You know how they are. He doesn't have to go, you know, the only son of a Navy widow. And I still have a few connections, if it comes to that. It's up to you, now. Take good care of him, he's all I've got left...

SALLY
(kisses Amanda's cheek)
I will, Amanda... Have a good flight...

Bob follows Amanda into the limousine. A Navy usher drives up in the El Camino. Sally nods to him and gets in.

6 EXT. FREEWAY BY AIRPORT - DUSK

The El Camino leaves the airport, pulls onto the freeway.

7 INT. EL CAMINO - DUSK

Bob shows the effects of spending time with his mother. Sally sits close to him.

BOB
I'll tell you what she does, she drives me crazy! I can't take being around her...

SALLY
... Oh, I think Amanda's just old and lonely... And she's worried, she's afraid you'll go to Nam... She really cares about you.

BOB
Bullshit, she cares about herself.

SALLY
(moving closer)
Well, I care about you.

BOB
How much?

SALLY
(rubs his leg)
A lot...

BOB
Are you worried?

SALLY
No... You'll do whatever's best.

BOB
I am a goddam good Marine, aren't I?

SALLY
Numero Uno.

He turns and kisses her. She puts a hand on the steering wheel, keeping the El Camino on course.

8 INT. BAR - NIGHT

A JUKEBOX competes with the TV war news at one end of the bar. Bob and Sally are the only ones dancing -- with drunken abandon, late fifties style -- with more anger than joy. The music ends and Sally guides Bob to their booth. They sit, Bob looks at their empty pitcher of beer, then rises...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

BOB
I'll get us a refill, don't go away...

Sally, out of breath, smiles as Bob takes the pitcher to the bar. She turns, looks up at a YOUNG SERVICEMAN in civies, leaning on the booth, drinking beer from a bottle, watching TV.

SALLY
What's the news?

YOUNG SERVICEMAN
Still fighting, I guess...

Bob turns from the bar to see him talking to Sally. Bob explodes across the room, swings the man away from the booth and knocks him across the dance floor. The man comes up swinging the beer bottle. His companions are in front of him immediately. Sally is on her feet, clutching Bob's arm.

SALLY
Hey, if you want to rassle, big boy...
(nuzzles his ear)
Let's get out of here.

BOB
(drunk and pissed off)
That little punk...

SALLY
C'mon, gimme the keys. I'll drive...

BOB
Forget it...

She pulls Bob out of the tavern.

9 EXT. MARINE BASE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A Marine M.P. sergeant snaps to attention and salutes as Bob drives through the gate.

10 EXT. OFFICERS' HOUSING - NIGHT

The El Camino passes row upon row of identical houses, small and well-kept. Bob parks, he and Sally get out.

11 INT. BASE HOUSE - NIGHT

The interior of the house is little more than a motel, despite Sally's efforts at individuality. Sally enters first, followed by Bob. As soon as he closes the door, Sally leaps on him, grabbing Bob around the neck, tries to wrestle him to the floor. He easily lifts her off her feet, stumbles across the room and falls with her onto the couch...

SALLY
Bastard!

BOB
Bitch!

They roll off to the floor. The grappling begins in half-earnest. Sally resists furiously, enjoys it but is on the verge of real pain and outrage. Bob, finding a release for his anger, struggles to contain Sally, stopping short of actually hurting her. The sexuality increases as the violence continues until Sally, exhausted and outmatched, surrenders to Bob. The mock rape is over, they begin to make love.

12 INT. BASE HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sally sleeping, wakes up as she hears a CRASH from the other room. She looks around, sees Bob is not in bed, gets up, slips on a robe and leaves the bedroom.

13 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob has the toaster apart on the bar. He looks up as Sally appears.

SALLY
What are you doing?

BOB
Sorry, I woke you up, the insides fell out...
(looks down at the toaster)
Damn thing, wouldn't pop up, thought I'd clean it out...

SALLY
... Now?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

BOB
(empties crumbs out of toaster)
I should be there... I'm a Marine and that's where I should be...

SALLY
(sits on bar stool)
You don't have to, you know...

BOB
I know that -- but I can't do shit in California... I should be in Nam.

SALLY
(pause)
... I love you.

BOB
I know.

SALLY
(leans forward, puts arm around him)
If you want to go, go.

BOB
I know.

Sally rubs Bob's neck as he starts to reassemble toaster.

14 EXT. MARINE BASE - DAY

Bob, wearing olive green USMC skivvies, runs past rows of military equipment; tanks, trucks, etc.

15 INT. BASE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sally sits in the living room blankly gazing at the TV. Bob does pushups in a corner of the room. Sally turns away from the television, silently watches Bob as he exercises.

16 EXT. RIFLE RANGE - DAY

Bob FIRES an AUTOMATIC RIFLE alongside SERGEANT DINK MOBLEY. Bob's weapon jams.

BOB
(tries to pull back bolt)
... Aw, fuck...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

Dink stops firing, helps Bob out...

DINK
It's turning into a heavy-duty war over there...

BOB
(clears rifle)
Hallelujah!

DINK
I'll drink to that...

They both resume FIRING.

17 INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY

Sally sits getting her hair done. She tries to read a magazine, can't, puts it down.

18 INT. BASE HOUSE - DUSK

Sally stands watching as Bob packs with compulsive precision, leaving discarded wrappings and personal oddments strewn around the room.

BOB
You'll pay the bar bill?

SALLY
Natch...

BOB
Better make a note.

SALLY
Already have.

BOB
Oh, another thing -- get that generator checked, right away.

SALLY
Okay... It was hysterical in the PX today. I started to order stationery with our addresses printed on and then it dawned on me you don't have an address. I don't even have a return address. I almost bawled. Like a kid, in front of everybody.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

BOB
They can't kick you out of here until the end of the month. Rent's paid. And the first thing you do tonight, you call my mother.

SALLY
Sure.

BOB
You know she thinks you're the only good thing about me... And there's trotting horses and three cousins and two teenage nephews who'll tar and feather any stud that comes around annoying you...

SALLY
You're sweet. You think every man wants to seduce me.

BOB
It only takes one. Better go...

He shoulders his duffel bag and they leave the room.

19 EXT. MARINE BASE BUS STATION - DUSK

Bob drives directly to the door of a small building which serves as a terminal. A USMC bus idles noisily outside. Bob and Sally get out of their car, he unloads his things.

SALLY
(hands him small wrapped package)
Here... Good luck.

Bob smiles, takes the package, starts to take the ribbon off.

BOB
Hey, thanks.

SALLY
No, open it later...

BOB
Okay... well... Be sure and call Amanda.

SALLY
I will...

19 CONTINUED:

A quick kiss, then Bob turns and heads for the building. He stops by a couple in an embrace, taps Dink on the shoulder.

BOB
C'mon, Dink...

Dink breaks from the clinch with his girl, VI, follows Bob onto the bus. Sally looks after Bob for a beat, then turns away quickly and gets into the car. She makes an awkward start, a U-turn and drives away.

20 INT. BASE HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sally dials telephone. Moves to the refrigerator, makes vodka over ice as she talks.

SALLY
Hello, Amanda, it's Sally. Well, turn it off, I have something to tell you... It's about Bob, we couldn't let you know because of security, but... that's right, he's gone... No, he couldn't have called you -- no way. Amanda, you're acting like a child... I won't listen to that, you listen... you're drunk... I'll talk to you when you're sober.

Sally hangs up, drains her drink and pours another. The PHONE RINGS, Sally grabs it angrily and speaks without waiting.

SALLY
I don't want to talk to you now, Amanda.
(cuts off, then dials)
Hi, Earl, can I talk to Cathy.

21 INT. EARL AND CATHY DELISE'S HOUSE - EVENING

EARL, a slightly overweight Marine Captain, watches TV with his two sons as he talks.

EARL
I'm more fun, but what can I tell you? If you dig my wife...
(covers mouthpiece)
It's Sally. Call her back. I'm hungry.

21 CONTINUED:

CATHY, preparing dinner in the kitchen, (identical to Sally's) comes to the phone.

CATHY
Hello, Sally-O.

22 INT. BASE HOUSE - EVENING

Sally at the refrigerator, adding ice to her drink.

SALLY
Hi, Cathy, look, I have a sensational idea for the magazine. A Combat Correspondence page -- letters from guys in Nam to their wives.

23 INT. EARL AND CATHY'S - EVENING

Earl gives Cathy a look.

CATHY
Sounds great. But I'm really into dinner now, the kids and all...

24 INT. BASE HOUSE - EVENING

SALLY
(hiding disappointment)
Oh, I'm sorry, sure, maybe I could drop in later after you get them to bed. We could have a drink and talk about it... Hey, Cathy, no sweat. Make it tomorrow.

Sally breaks the connection, dials again. The first call is busy. The second doesn't answer. She dials again, the first number is still busy. She hangs up and sits staring at the television hypnotically. The PHONE starts to RING. Startled, she refuses to answer. She tries to escape into the bedroom.

25 INT. BASE HOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

The SOUND of the PHONE follows Sally. She stands in the middle of the room, for the moment totally engulfed by the evidence of Bob's absence... discarded clothing -- empty drawers open -- a damp towel over the tub -- an open tube of toothpaste -- naked hangers in a dark closet -- twisted sheets and pillows still marked by the imprint of sleep... then the phone stops ringing and Sally returns to the living room.

26 INT. BASE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Sally closes the bedroom door and takes the phone off the hook. She finds her drink, sits in front of the TV, trying to follow the soundless image. She takes a sip, suddenly aware of the burning of the alcohol. She sets the drink on a table, covers her face with her hands, and begins to cry. The sobbing builds as Sally yields to her sadness.

27 INT. BASE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sally in the chair asleep. She wakens, startled by the SOUND of the DOORBELL. She looks at herself in the mirror, straightens her hair with her fingers, hides the drink behind the picture of Bob, then turns...

SALLY
Who's there?

VI (O.S.)
I got a message from Bob!

Sally opens the door to Viola Munson, a pretty, tough, brassy kid from New Jersey. While she speaks, Vi sizes up Sally and the house.

VI
I'm Vi... I was at the bus with Dink.

SALLY
Oh. Right. Sure. Want a drink? A beer?

VI
No, they're waiting. The take-off's been delayed and the boys want company. Dink asked me to tell you. I guess your phone's been busy.

SALLY
I took it off the hook.

VI
Got a sixpack? They want a sixpack and a pizza.

Sally hurries to the kitchen for the beer. Vi peeks into the bedroom, raps on the wall, notices Sally's hidden drink. She turns as Sally returns with the beer.

VI
You a lush?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

SALLY
No, I'm not...

VI
I could be, I go through phases... I didn't know officers had to live in these kinda places...

SALLY
They're not bad, and it's more convenient than town... Let's go...

Vi takes a last look around the house as they leave.

28 EXT. AIR TERMINAL - NIGHT

The El Camino is parked behind Vi's VW van. Bob, his head on Sally's shoulder, admires his gift from her, a wedding band.

BOB
(holds up hand)
Looks pretty damn fancy.

SALLY
I love it... But you'll probably take it off when you go on liberty.

BOB
Bullshit. I won't take it off... Look, I'll be able to send you whatever you need. I've got good feelings about this. I think those gooks shot their wad with this TET Offensive. It's a mopping-up operation from here on out. I aim to come back a Major, maybe a Lieutenant Colonel and buy us a little old place on the beach with a Porsche in the garage, y'hear?

SALLY
Wow! Colonel and Mrs. Robert Hayne... I'll have to lengthen all my dresses...

BOB
... and get a girdle.

SALLY
... and change my hair, wear it in a bun.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

BOB
And definitely watch your language.

SALLY
For sure... become very reserved.

They both look up as the rear door of Vi's van opens unexpectedly. Vi and Dink, disheveled, crawl out, cross toward the terminal building...

BOB
(watching them)
Of course, if I came back as a Sergeant, we could do whatever we felt like...

SALLY
(holds him close)
Just come back... okay?

BOB
(smiles at Sally, opens door)
Goddam right...
(pauses)
Are you going to call Amanda?

SALLY
Already did.
(pause)
I couldn't reach her... I'll try again.

BOB
Okay... See you.

Sally reaches for Bob, hugs him tightly.

29 EXT. AIR TERMINAL - NIGHT

The last of the Marines are loaded aboard the transport. Vi stands with several other wives or girlfriends of enlisted men, mostly black or Chicano. Sally stands slightly apart at the fence, less because of snobbery than shyness. As the plane takes off, the group stands watching the lights disappear, then breaks up and starts toward the parked cars. Vi nods to Sally in passing.

VI
See you around, babe.

Sally smiles, watching Vi pass, then suddenly takes the plunge, half-running after Vi.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

SALLY
Vi -- is that Violet?

VI
Would you believe Viola?

SALLY
I wanted to say thanks for coming to get me, Viola.

VI
Sure, okay...

SALLY
Could I buy you a drink?

VI
(gets into van)
You don't have to. It's okay.

SALLY
I wish you'd let me, I really don't want to be alone.

VI
Where's open? No place is open.

SALLY
The Officers' Club...

VI
(starts van, turns on RADIO)
Doesn't interest me.

SALLY
I don't care where. I just don't want to go back to that house for a while.

VI
The Shanty might be open, but it's a little raunchy this time of night...

Sally, on the verge of tears, tries to make a funny face up at Vi but her voice doesn't carry over the sound of loud ROCK from the RADIO.

SALLY
I guess that's that.

VI
(turns down radio)
I live a couple of miles down. Wanna come over?

29 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
We've never been separated before, not really...

VI
Stay close.

30 EXT. BEACH ALLEY - NIGHT

A crowded one-way street, a block or so from the sand. The van pulls into the garage of a modest shingled house circa 1929. Vi turns down the RADIO and yells:

VI
(pointing)
Park in that garage. The place in front's empty.

Sally parks as Vi flips a porch light on and goes into her apartment.

31 INT. VI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vi turns on the overhead light as she enters. She crosses, turns on TV, tries to smooth over the unmade bed, gives up as she notices how messy the rest of the apartment is. A framed picture of Dink sits on an end table, and tacked to one wall are snapshots of a slim, sensitive young man with long blonde hair and a wisp of a beard, the opposite of Dink. Sally enters as the TV suddenly BLARES; the end of a prayer leading into the Star Spangled Banner over patriotic images as the station signs off the air. Vi turns sharply to switch channels.

VI
Shit...

SALLY
Don't!

Vi waits, watching Sally curiously as she stands silent, her eyes tearing as she listens to the end of the anthem.

VI
Okay?

SALLY
I'm sorry, I just -- tonight especially -- I felt almost superstitious about it.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

VI
(turns off TV)
Whatever gets you through the night.

SALLY
It's the way I was raised, I guess.

VI
Me, too... Is a beer okay? That's all I got.

Sally nods, Vi opens fridge.

VI
Do you have to stay in that place? If he's in Nam?

SALLY
God, no! I can't, even if I wanted to. That's officers' quarters. When Bob goes, I have to move off base.

VI
No shit -- that's spooky -- you're the hole in the doughnut. When the doughnut goes, there's no hole.

SALLY
I think if the Marine Corps meant you to have a wife, they'd issue you one.

VI
Yeah, sprayed olive green... Hey, you wanna sleep over? Take a swim in the morning?

SALLY
Well...

VI
If you can stand the mess.

SALLY
I should get home...

VI
Why?

SALLY
Good question. Okay.

31 CONTINUED: (2)

VI
Good.

SALLY
Thanks.

Sally kicks off her shoes and sits on the bed, noticing the pictures on the wall.

VI
That's my kid brother.

SALLY
Nice face.

VI
Yeah, he got it all. He inherited the brains, the beauty, the personality, the talent. Then he got drafted. He's the only reason I hang out here. Really.

SALLY
Not Dink?

VI
Dink the kink? Well, he's part of it. But the kid's in the V.A. hospital. Psycho ward. They sent him back without an ignition. So I'm stuck with him.

SALLY
I'm sorry... that must be hard on you...

VI
Well, I see him every day. I work in the kitchen at the hospital.

SALLY
Is he getting better? I mean...

VI
Who knows? They don't... I don't ... Listen, you can hear the ocean.

The SOUND of the SURF is SOFT. Over it, a PHANTOM JET TAKES OFF and FADES AWAY.

32 EXT. BEACH - MORNING

A foggy California morning.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

Vi and Sally are in the surf up to their knees, both freezing, neither wanting to venture out any farther.

SALLY
Do you do this every morning?

VI
I've lived here six months. Dink pushed me in once, this is the second time...

SALLY
It's cold.

VI
I hate it.

SALLY
So do I... I'd better get going soon...

VI
Why? Where to?

SALLY
Home, I guess....

VI
What're you going to do there?

SALLY
I don't know. I've got to get it over with... And I should try to figure out something to do -- to keep me busy...

VI
(quietly)
... Those assholes...

They remain in the surf, motionless as the water swirls around their legs.

33 INT. SPINAL CORD WARD, VA HOSPITAL - DAY

The ward is divided by screens and curtains into a series of four bed cubicles, facing each other across the aisle. A central PA SYSTEM PLAYS MUZAK to the captive audience, interrupted occasionally for hospital announcements. A barrel-chested orderly, known as PEE WEE, is in the process of turning over a quadriplegic in his bed.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

LUKE (O.S.)
Corrine?... Corrine?... Pee Wee!

Pee Wee is a bit irked at the interruption, turns to see LUKE MARTIN, lying on his stomach on a gurney. Luke is a red-eyed, hairy-faced Viet Nam veteran, paralyzed from the waist down.

PEE WEE
(continues to work with quad)
How are you today, Mr. Martin?

LUKE
I stink.

PEE WEE
I smell booze.

LUKE
I need a bath.

PEE WEE
Expecting visitors?

LUKE
Jesus, man, give me a break...

PEE WEE
I just have two hands and too many assholes to clean.

LUKE
That's what you're paid for!

PEE WEE
You know, Mr. Martin, you get more money from Uncle for your disability than me and my old lady make put together.

LUKE
Don't give me that bullshit... Where's Corrine? I'm filled up.

PEE WEE
How the hell would I know?

LUKE
You don't know shit...

Luke moves away, propels gurney with canes.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

LUKE
Corrine!

PEE WEE
(calls after Luke)
You better watch that booze. It'll mess up your kidneys...

LUKE
(not looking back)
Up yours!

Luke stops at the doorway, reaches down, fumbles as he tries to remove urine bag hanging from the gurney.

LUKE
(muttering)
... Goddamn stupid civil service bastards -- let you drown in your own piss... Corrine, where the hell are you...?

He awkwardly removes the bag from the catheter tube, holds one of the canes and the bag in the same hand, and exits the ward.

34 INT. HALLWAY - SPINAL CORD WARD - DAY

Luke comes into the hallway on the gurney, almost hitting Sally as she walks by. She stumbles to avoid him, knocking the cane and the bag from his hand, urine splattering on the floor.

SALLY
Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't see you...

Sally instinctively bends down to pick up the cane; she hesitates when she sees the bag. Sally rises, looks at Luke. Their eyes meet for an instant, sharing the embarrassment.

LUKE
(begins to sob)
Oh, shit...

He cries in his own rage as he swings his remaining cane, smashing a cart of medications, a tray of juice. Sally, still holding the other cane, backs away.

LUKE
I've had it! I have fucking had it!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

LUKE (CONT'D)
Hear this, all you medics and orderlies and interns and aides and doctors and nurses! Where the hell are you? Where the hell is anybody? You treat us like nobodies in this goddamn hospital and I'm not nobody, I am fucking somebody!

Sally stares at Luke from a safe distance with a flash of recognition, although we do not yet understand it. The MUZAK is interrupted to summon Dr. Lincoln to Spinal Cord. HEAD NURSE DEGROOT steamrollers from one end of the corridor. CORRINE, the black aide, bears down on Luke from the other end. Luke spots DeGroot and Corrine, raises his cane threateningly...

LUKE
Now you're coming, now you're here! Corrine, there's something on the floor for you.
(to DeGroot)
You come near me and I'll break your head!

CORRINE
(to DeGroot)
I've 'bout had it with this dude.

LUKE
(waving cane)
You're all so goddamn slow! Can't you broads move? Come on near me, I wanta hit your ass! I wanta see you move! I wanta hit somebody that can't even move!

Sally, still holding Luke's cane, stops near the doorway, trying to remain unnoticed, near two paras in wheelchairs. DOC DUNBARTON (W.W. II vet) is still a handsome man with a silver mane and a pencil moustache. BOZO FIORETTI is from Nam, with long hair, beard and an earring.

DOC
Damn dope fiend...

BOZO
Shut up, you old fart.

Luke tries to push gurney with one cane toward DeGroot and Corrine.

LUKE
I want out! Can you hear me? I want out of all this shit!

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

The gurney spins around, jams against the wall. DR. LINCOLN enters the corridor, joined by Pee Wee, who comes out of the ward. Luke looks up to the doctor.

LUKE
Doctor, for Christ sakes! I couldn't even get my piss bag changed! I want back in a chair! Please, get me back in a chair!

Pee Wee moves toward him. Luke swings out with the cane, but Pee Wee easily sidesteps it and pins Luke's arms to the gurney.

LUKE
Oh shit, Pee Wee -- C'mon...

DeGroot takes a nearly-empty bottle of wine from under Luke's sheet, hands it to Dr. Lincoln.

LUKE
Goddamit, DeGroot, that's my personal property!

DR. LINCOLN
(surveys damage)
He do all this?

DeGROOT
Yes, sir. He's been pretty wild, threatening us again.

DR. LINCOLN
Give him one CC of Thorazine. Put him in a private room, let him cool off.

DeGROOT
Yes, Doctor.

Lincoln leaves. Pee Wee and DeGroot wheel Luke away. Sally leans to Bozo.

SALLY
(holding out cane)
What should I do with this?

Bozo looks up at her, grins, doesn't say what he would like to say...

BOZO
I'll take it...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

SALLY
Who is that man?

BOZO
Luke... Luke Martin.

SALLY
That's right... Luke...

Corrine approaches Sally.

CORRINE
You looking for somebody, honey?

SALLY
I came to see Fleta Wilson -- about volunteer work.

CORRINE
(points off)
End of the hall, next building.

SALLY
(starts away)
Thanks.

BOZO
(calls after her)
Don't let them put you into one of those smocks. Wear something really tight. You've got a great body...

SALLY
(flattered)
Thanks... I'll see you...

BOZO
I hope so.

Bozo turns to watch her leave.

35 OMITTED

36 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Sally stops in front of a door marked "Volunteers - Fleta Wilson - Supervisor." She looks at the door for a beat, then down to the damp spot on her stocking, hesitates, makes a decision and knocks.

FLETA (O.S.)
Come in.

Sally enters the office.

37 INT. VOLUNTEERS' OFFICE - DAY

FLETA WILSON, tough, dedicated, wearing a gold star, sits behind a desk, working on paperwork. Sally shuts the door.

SALLY
Mrs. Wilson?

FLETA
Yes.

SALLY
I think I want to be a volunteer. I don't think, I know I want to work as a volunteer in the Spinal Cord Ward.

FLETA
Sit down, please. I'll be with you in a moment.

Sally sits. Fleta continues to shuffle through paperwork.

38 INT. SPINAL CORD PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Pee Wee transfers a sedated Luke from the gurney to the bed. Luke's lips attempt to snarl a protest but his eyes do not open.

39 EXT. BASE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Vi's van is parked behind the El Camino. She and Sally load the sewing machine into the van. The back of the El Camino is piled with odds and ends from the base house.

SALLY
(as they load van)
God, I had such a weird morning. I ran into this guy I went to high school with, I mean, I rammed him. He's paralyzed. His... you know... his bag spilled all over me.

VI
(laughing)
That's hysterical -- 'Johnny, how nice to see you again' -- pow!

SALLY
He was drunk. I could hardly recognize him, he was such a mess...

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

VI
Poor bastard. Did he know you? What'd he say?

SALLY
I don't think he knew who I was... I couldn't remember his name, I had to ask.

VI
(looks over to her)
You know, you picked a very tough place to start out, babe. Those wards are pretty weird.

SALLY
... Even the way they look -- for the first time in my life I talked to a man who was wearing an earring...

VI
Not used to those types?

SALLY
Bob would shit, he's so all-American.

VOICE
Hey, sweetheart!!

They turn to see a convoy of young Marines rolling past the house on trucks, whistling and shouting at Vi and Sally.

SALLY
Ignore them.

VI
If we ignore 'em, they'll stop looking...
(shouts)
Which one of you mothers has balls enough to come and get it?

Sally laughs as Vi does an obscene bump and grind. At the same time, the convoy moves past and Sally sees the opposite side of the street, where neighborhood wives are gathered with their children, butch-cut, wearing USMC T-shirts. Vi reaches into the van, takes two beers from a six-pack and hands one to Sally.

VI
Is that it?

SALLY
That's it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY (CONT'D)
You know, I've lived in base houses like this, facing faces like that, for -- since I left Lincoln High practically... yeah, that's it.

Vi gets into the van. Sally waves to the wives across the street as she crosses to the El Camino.

40 EXT. BEACH HOUSE ALLEY - DUSK

Sally and Vi carry the last load from the van into a small house around the corner from Vi's.

41 INT. BEACH HOUSE - EVENING

The room is piled with Sally's belongings. The furniture is old and comfortable, arranged around a large rustic fireplace. Other renters have added an over-sized bean-bag, psychedelic lights and other trendy touches. Sally is unpacking files and books, sipping on a beer. Vi is curled up near the hearth, rolling a joint. The war news plays on TV, silent images against a record of the Stones on STEREO.

VI
I went back home once when my old lady died. There was nothing left of me. They tore down my past to build a shopping center.
(offers Sally a joint)
Do you smoke?

SALLY
Bob's a boozer...
(then takes it)
What the hell -- why not? -- yeah.

Sally takes a toke, not expertly, but aware of the technique. She hands it back to Vi, carries a large high school yearbook to the hearth.

SALLY
Want to see what I used to look like?
(shows Vi pictures)
There's a better one of me as cheerleader -- look at that hair.

VI
(reading)
'Sally Bender. Nickname Sal.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

VI (CONT'D)
What one thing would she want on a desert island? A husband.'

SALLY
(leafs through the pages)
God, it's embarrassing... Let's see -- here he is -- 'Luke Martin. Nickname, The Duke. What one thing would he want on a desert island? A mirror.'

2 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Luke is partially conscious, twisted awkwardly into the bedcovers, half on his side. He frees one arm with difficulty, raises his head and looks around, disoriented. The room is dark. He whispers toward the right.

LUKE
Bozo?

There is no response. Luke finds a button and rings for the nurse, struggling to turn to his left.

LUKE
Virgil?

Again no answer. Luke lies still for a moment, then jerks the covers from his body. He folds the bottom sheet over himself lengthwise, tugging carefully in an attempt to lift the dead weight of his legs and roll them over. He's sweating with the exertion, panting, fighting an overwhelming desire to sleep. Suddenly, his body goes off the edge of the bed. He grabs onto the sheet, trying to slow his fall. His head strikes a bedside stand, spilling the water jug, paper cups, a note pad and a ballpoint pen. His legs stay on the bed, caught in the sheets, as his torso hangs to the floor. The lights come on. An aide, JASON, enters. Luke looks up, wild-eyed.

LUKE
Don't you touch me!

He takes the ballpoint pen suddenly and places it point up between his ribs, directly under his heart, supporting himself in a push-up position, holding the pen upright between his chest and the floor.

LUKE
All I have to do is let go. I don't really give a shit. You're already killing me.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

Jason quickly reaches for Luke, holds his shoulders and lifts him back onto the bed. He takes the pen away and straightens out the bedding.

JASON
They never should have freed your arms, man.

Luke lies spent, exhausted, as Jason tucks his arms tightly under the sheets and raises the sides of the bed.

43 INT. VA HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MORNING

Doc Dunbarton sits in his wheelchair, watching the doorway like he used to watch trains as a kid. He and Sally exchange a smile as she enters, starts down the hallway.

44 INT. VA LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Sally finishes changing into a smock. She checks herself in a mirror, blushes as Fleta enters.

FLETA
You look very pretty.

SALLY
I was just... I look okay?

FLETA
Quite acceptable. Whenever you're ready, you can report to Head Nurse DeGroot.

SALLY
(a parting glance in mirror)
I guess I'm all set...

As Sally starts to go:

FLETA
One bit of advice, Mrs. Hayne. I know it's going to be hard for you, but just remember, don't put up with any of their bullshit.

Sally looks at Fleta for a beat, then leaves the locker room.

45 INT. SPINAL CORD WARD - MORNING

An early-morning poker game is in progress at one end of the ward.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

BARNEY VAIL was a stick man in Vegas before Korea. DEWEY JOHNSON, a black para, has some mysterious importance in the "real world" outside. HIRAM BEAM wears his W.W. II medals on an American Legion cap. VIRGIL HUNT, a black para and a ventriloquist, sits with his dummy, Superslope a grinning caricature of a Saigon street Arab. PEPE FIERO a quad from Nam, deals with the aid of prosthetics.

SUPERSLOPE
(looks at Virgil's cards)
Heah! You're killing me!
(looks off)
Wow! Dig that round-eyed chick, yank! Come on, baby, light my fire!

Sally smiles as she pushes a cart of juice into the ward. The game is interrupted as the men react to Sally.

SUPERSLOPE
Wanna fuck, round eyes?

VIRGIL
Superslope!

SUPERSLOPE
(louder)
Can I kiss you? Can I sniff?

VIRGIL
Shame on you!

Sally serves juice to the men in bed, tries to politely ignore Superslope.

SUPERSLOPE
I'm hard all over, sweet ass, I'm a bargain in this ward!

HIRAM
(ready to play cards)
For God's sake, Virgil, shut up!

SUPERSLOPE
Yessir, Mr. Beam. Right away, sir!
(to Virgil)
Hear that dummy? You're disturbing the gentlemens...

Corrine enters, wheeling cart of food. Sally crosses to her.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
(quietly motions to poker game)
Should I serve them juice?

CORRINE
Ask the Lord, honey, I just work here. When you're through, help me feed the quads, okay?

SALLY
(wheels toward poker game)
... Sure.

As Sally nears the table, Superslope starts up again.

SUPERSLOPE
You got it all, mama-san! Tits, ass -- you got it all!

VIRGIL
Quiet, Superslope!
(to Sally)
Ma'am, I apologize for my friend...

Sally weakly nods, starts giving players juice.

VIRGIL
(to Superslope)
Stop that gook stuff, man. Round-eyed ladies are civilized, dig?

SUPERSLOPE
Yeah, man, they don't dig like fucking or loud-mouthing or loud music, or bad smells like sweat or shit or garlic. And they hate ugly, man. So you'd better look out, boy, 'cause you are the ugliest mother I ever did see...

Superslope's head turns 180 degrees to watch Sally walk away, then turns back to look at Hiram's cards.

46 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - MORNING

Luke lies on his back, his arms immobilized by a white hospital restraining jacket. Pee Wee is trying to feed him but Luke spits the food out of his mouth, knocks the spoon out of Pee Wee's hand with his head. Pee Wee starts again patiently. The game obviously has been going on for some time. Luke's chest is a mess.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

LUKE
My arms. Let me have my arms -- I can feed myself.

PEE WEE
You better take what you can get, Mr. Martin.

Luke spits out another mouthful. Pee Wee gets up and leaves.

47 INT. SPINAL WARD - MORNING

Sally carries a tray to RORY MAYHEW, a strikingly handsome young quad with a wispy beard which partially conceals the tracheotomy opening in his neck. Sally hesitates, startled and unsure. Rory's eyes are closed but his lips are moving silently.

SALLY
Chow...

Rory's eyes open and he smiles a glowing welcome to Sally. His eyes roll, trying to indicate the rubber cork on his beside stand. Corrine comes to the bed.

CORRINE
He ain't transistorized. He's gotta be plugged in for sound.

Corrine laughs. Rory grins. Sally takes the rubber cork and pushes it into place. Rory's voice has an oddly hollow rasp.

RORY
Just saying a prayer to Jesus... Have you ever thought of giving your life to Jesus?

SALLY
Not really...

She is so tense by now that she spills half a spoonful of oatmeal on Rory's beard. She daubs at it quickly with a Kleenex.

SALLY
Don't say a word. You're lucky I hit your mouth.

48 INT. SPINAL WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

Sally wheels food cart past ward to row of private rooms. She stops at one, knocks lightly. There is no answer. She opens the door and looks in; she sees Luke, a mess, covered with food, eyes closed.

SALLY
Luke?...

LUKE
(opens eyes slowly)
Yeah...

SALLY
Can I come in?

LUKE
I don't give a shit.

She goes into the room.

49 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Sally starts to close door, changes her mind, leaves it open.

SALLY
Do you know who I am?

LUKE
Nope.

SALLY
Sally Hayne... I mean, Bender, remember? Lincoln High?

LUKE
Oh, yeah... How're you doing?

SALLY
Okay...

A moment...

LUKE
... So?

SALLY
I'm a volunteer.

LUKE
Terrific...

Sally stands; a beat of silence, then goes to sink, moistens towel.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

SALLY
(moves to bed)
Wow -- this is really a mess.

Sally starts to wipe him off.

LUKE
(looking up)
Sally Bender -- Lincoln High...
Yeah... Weren't you a cheerleader?

SALLY
(smiles)
Sure -- for three years.

LUKE
(looks her over)
Seems like you're still in shape...

SALLY
(pause)
... When were you... wounded?

LUKE
A long time ago...

SALLY
In Nam?

LUKE
Where else?

SALLY
My husband just went there...

LUKE
Poor bastard. Didn't we used to call you 'Bender-over'?

SALLY
(shocked)
What? Who said that?

LUKE
Everybody.

SALLY
They did not.

LUKE
Sure, they did.

SALLY
They didn't. What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUKE
Oh -- I'm just kidding -- Listen, Sally, can I talk you into doing me a big favor?

SALLY
Well, sure... I guess so.

LUKE
How about undoing this thing?

SALLY
Luke, you know I can't do that.

LUKE
Sure, you can -- it's easy, just a couple of snaps.

SALLY
I can't.

LUKE
C'mon, Sally -- please.

There is a moment of indecision on Sally's part, then DeGroot and Pee Wee, wheeling a gurney, enter.

DeGROOT
What are you doing?

SALLY
Well, I just thought that Luke was...

DeGROOT
(moves past her, interrupts)
We'll tend to Mr. Martin, Sally, you're needed on the ward.

Sally stands in the doorway for a beat, watches DeGroot begin to take the restraints off Luke. He looks to Sally.

LUKE
You almost got yourself a gold star, Bender.

Sally exits. Luke smiles.

50 INT. SPINAL CORD WARD - DAY

Sally stacks empty food trays onto a cart. A cheer goes up. Sally turns, sees Luke being wheeled back into the ward by Pee Wee.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

The voices call, "Get your bath, Luke?" "Lotta improvements since you left!" "Things are really changing, baby!" etc. As Sally watches, Luke responds in kind. He is among brothers.

51 EXT. VA HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Vi is walking her brother, BILL, across the parking lot. He wears the regulation outfit issued to psychiatric patients. He is young, tall and slender, with long blond hair and pale blue eyes. He is rapping excitedly.

BILL
Like, Sis, listen, I flashed this morning, maybe I'm depressed because I'm getting back bad karma. So I decided I was going to try for one whole day, I was gonna smile at everyone I met. At first, most people were suspicious, like about sixty-forty negative feedback. But then it started to change. The sun got higher. I got higher because people were smiling back...

They pass Sally, standing by the El Camino, hood up. Bill flashes a smile which Sally returns spontaneously before she sees Vi.

VI
Hey, Sally. My brother, Bill.

SALLY
Hi, Bill. Hey, Vi, do you have a jumper cable -- my battery is dead again.

VI
Sure. Soon as I turn this nut case in. Doctor Ring!

Vi yells across to DOCTOR RING, Korean Chief of Psychiatry. He leaves a group of zombie-like veterans, starts toward Bill and Vi.

BILL
(at Ring)
I can smile hate for that incompetent asshole and say twice as much as if I was talking.

Sally laughs, exchanges a tolerant grin with Vi.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

BILL
You two just did it. You smiled at Sally, 'See what I have to put up with?' and she smiled back at you, 'He's harmless.' Sis, did you see what happened? Sally and I just had a whole conversation in smile contact.

VI
Are you on uppers?

Bill smiles at Dr. Ring, then leans his hands against the wall and spreads his legs like a street arrest.

DR. RING
(laughs)
How about a game of chess, Bill?

Bill follows Dr. Ring toward the group without looking back. Sally and Vi exchange a smile which says more than words could, cross back to Sally's car.

VI
So you just met my brother...

SALLY
He seems happy enough — in a good mood.

VI
Sure -- he's a miracle of modern medicine... What's with your hot rod?

SALLY
Same old shit.

VI
Ain't that the truth...

52 EXT. PATIO - BEACH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Vi sips on a beer as Sally reads aloud a letter she has written to Bob.

SALLY
'... And as much as I care for your mother I really felt I would be happier staying in California. The place I found is small, yet it's just perfect for me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

SALLY (CONT'D)
I miss you terribly, but I have been spending a lot of time with Vi, we're getting along great, so you don't have to be concerned about me being alone. Also the work at the hospital keeps me busy and I love it, it feels like I'm doing something worthwhile with my time.'
(she turns to Vi)
And then there's a real sexy 'goodbye' and then 'Love, Sally.'

VI
Nice letter.

SALLY
Thanks.

VI
But you didn't tell him the house you rented was at the beach.

SALLY
I know.

VI
And you didn't tell him you bought a new car.

SALLY
Oh, my God, are you kidding? Bob has never let me make a decision like that. He'd come unglued. He's got enough problems where he is, I don't want to add to them... At least he'll be happy it's a Porsche, I hope...

VI
I see... It's still a nice letter.
(lights a joint)
I got one from Dink this morning. All he said was 'Got you another ear today.' Poetic, huh?

53 INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of physical therapist PAT, stretching Luke's leg. Luke lies on his stomach on a therapy bench. Pat is intense, involved in his work, as he exercises muscles Luke cannot use on his own.

(CONTINUED)

INT. SPINAL CORD WARD - DAY

Luke is on his gurney talking to Sally as she makes room for an additional two beds along one wall. She moves trash cans, end tables, bunks, etc.

LUKE
A Captain? You're married to a Captain?

SALLY
(smiles at reaction)
That's right.... What were you?

LUKE
Sergeant...

SALLY
Well, a sergeant has a lot of responsibility.

LUKE
(sarcastic)
Sure... They sent me the stripes when I was on the hospital ship.... My reward ...

SALLY
I don't think that's anything to be so cynical about.

LUKE
Why aren't you out on the golf course, Bender? What the hell are you doing here?

SALLY
(pushes bed)
I guess I wanted to keep busy -- help out if I could. I didn't want to just sit around and...

LUKE
(interrupts)
Yeah, maybe it gives you something to talk about with the ladies each evening -- down a couple of cognacs and belch out horseshit about the good deeds you did for the poor gimps...

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED:

Sally, taken aback by Luke's derision, stands for a moment looking at him, glances around at the others in the ward, then sits on the edge of a bed.

SALLY
(quietly)
I didn't deserve that, Luke -- at all.

LUKE
...Or maybe you're just getting ready for your husband to get shipped back in a bag...

Luke turns away, pushes the gurney out the door. Sally stays on the bed for a beat, then rises, goes after him.

52B INT. SPINAL CORD CORRIDOR - DAY

Sally catches up with Luke as he moves through the hallway.

SALLY
I want you to stop and listen to me, Luke..

He keeps going. Sally reaches out, holds the rear of the gurney, holds him back. He struggles with the canes, can't get anywhere, gives up.

SALLY
(stands behind him, holds gurney)
I don't know what your problem is, I wouldn't even pretend to know... But from what I've seen of you, Luke, your head is screwed up more than your body. I guess you've got your reasons, and maybe they're valid -- I don't know --
(she pushes gurney away)
I just think you're a bastard for what you said...

Sally turns, starts back. Luke sees a QUAD stretched out on a gurney, a sheet over him. Luke rolls over, pulls the sheet over the quad's head, calls to Sally

52B CONTINUED:

LUKE
Hey, Bender!
(she stops, turns)
Run this cat down to the morgue, huh?

Sally stares at him, then disappears around a corner. Luke watches her go, while the quad tries desperately to blow the sheet off his head. Luke turns, flips the sheet back, moves down the corridor.

52C INT. BOWEL AND BATH CARE - DAY

Sally wheels a PARA on a GURNEY into a large room filled with other gurneys. All the men are on their backs. She takes a NUMBER from a hook as they enter and hands it to the para.
She goes to the other side of the room where men have been brought out of the bath section and are waiting to be dried. As she starts to dry the first man, we can see that it is hard for her, that the total impact of the men's helplessness, the scarcity of trained personnel, the endless lines and indignities the patients must suffer is devastating.

53 CONTINUED:

PAT
You know Mills, the new kid in your ward?

LUKE
I've seen him...

PAT
Those doctors put the poor guy in such a fucking downer -- told him to forget about wearing clothes any more -- Said he'd spend the rest of his life in bed. Christ, I could've had him in a chair in a month, now it'll take six -- fucking doctors...

We now REVEAL, in the b.g., lines of men waiting for turns on the sparse equipment the hospital provides. The patients in line for Pat shout at Luke, half angrily, half in jest: "Jesus Christ, you ain't the only one here, Martin!" "You guys getting married?" "Kiss him on the lips, Martin!", etc.

54 EXT. V.A. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

The grounds are quiet. A tractor pulling a trailer designed to transport gurneys and wheelchairs stops in front of the Hydro-Therapy building. Sally hops off the trailer, the driver lowers a ramp and helps Sally roll DENNY, an eighteen-year-old quad, down to the ground. The driver waits in the tractor as Sally pushes the gurney into the building.

55 INT. HYDRO-THERAPY ROOM - DAY

We FOLLOW Sally into the room and REVEAL paras, quads and amputees jammed against the wall, waiting for treatments in the therapy pool. The pool is also crowded. Two therapists are in charge, one operating the hoist which raises and lowers quads, the other in trunks, working in the knee-deep water. Sally wheels Denny to the end of one line, circles the pool to head for an aging man on a gurney who waits to be returned to the ward. She slows as she nears Luke, in the pool with Virgil. At the side in line, are Bozo, Dewey, Hiram and Pepe. Bozo is talking with an amputee from Nam, GORDON.

BOZO
It shows they don't respect me, sticking me in lines -- they just don't give a damn...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

GORDON
Don't give me that shit, you waited in line in the fucking Army!

BOZO
Why don't they put in another pool?

Sally stops to listen, standing in front of Superslope, slouched alone and silent against the tile wall.

GORDON
Christ, they don't have that kind of money.

DEWEY
They had it for air strikes I called in!

GORDON
That's the military, not the VA, Jesus!

LUKE
Some fucking budget. It's a matter of priorities...

GORDON
Are you sure?

LUKE
Hell yes -- the military lays pressure down for anything they want, but we're about as much use to them as a burned-out tank...

HIRAM
(angered)
That's bullshit, Martin, you goddam whiner! You make me sick.

LUKE
Maybe so, Pop, but you're from a different war. You know, I haven't been contacted once by the Marines since I've been on my ass... Always faithful, horseshit!

PEPE
I was a draftee -- we were never faithful...

GORDON
I think you guys would bitch about anything.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED: (2)

LUKE
Shit! Bozo said it, 'we aren't respected', and that hurts, man. It hurts and it pisses me off. Fuck 'Semper Fidelis'!

SALLY
(moving closer)
Christ, Luke! My God, I've had enough contact with the Corps to know that's not true.

LUKE
Then why do they turn their backs on what's going down in places like this?

SALLY
I don't think they know!

DEWEY
They know what they want to know.

BOZO
They could sure ask if they could help, or if there's anything we wanted... That would make a difference.

LUKE
Right on, brother, anybody but a Chaplain!

PEPE
(withdrawn from conversation; looking into therapy pool)
You know, every time I go into that pool I get a hard on...

Sally turns and heads for the old man's gurney, wheels him out. The men start to rib Pepe.

56 INT. SPINAL CORD WARD - DAY

CLOSEUP on Luke. He is moving as he speaks. CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY.

LUKE
... Sports model... She's beautiful ... Isn't too old either... Young and tender, man, just what I like... Lot of speed... Back in the saddle ... Hot stuff...

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

We SEE that he is transferring from his bed to a wheelchair. Pat stands nearby.

LUKE
(settles in, excited)
Son of a bitch!

Luke does a wheelie, the chair tips, Pat catches it.

PAT
Hey, man, wait a few minutes before you get into that kinda shit, huh?

Luke grins at him and tears off through the ward.

57 INT. SALLY'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sally and Vi, stoned, smoking grass, Sally sits on a chair, Vi stands behind her, blow-drying Sally's freshly washed hair into a frizzy style.

VI
... And I never know what he's gonna do next, y'know? One day he won't stop jabbering and the next he acts like he spent the night with his head in the toilet ... I don't know, babe... Sometimes I have dreams about him, like it's old times. We're laughing and having a hell of a time -- and then I wake up.
(steps back, checks Sally's hair)
... I got an old, beat-up shirt that'd look great on you...
(resumes drying)
That's when I miss Dink -- I never even realized it... He's a lot more to me than a roll in the sack, y'know? I really feel lonely now -- scared a lot too. I just don't want him to get totaled, that'd probably finish me.
(steps back)
Well, what do you think?

Sally takes a toke as she heads for the bathroom mirror.

EXT. VA HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

A hand-painted sign is stretched above the entrance to the Veteran's Administration reading JULY FOURTH HANDICAPPED OLYMPICS - PUBLIC WELCOME. The CAMERA FOLLOWS a car as it drives through the entrance, REVEALING as we go; picnic benches lined up next to a "Jack-In-The-Box" hamburger catering set-up, a patriotically decorated speaker's stand, empty except for a microphone, a "Good Humor" ice cream truck, and a wheelchair football game that is in progress. As the car makes a U-turn, we SEE that most all of the spectators strung along the sidelines of the field are patients, many of whom watch from gurneys and wheelchairs. A few of the patient's families are present, even fewer of the hospital staff. The car makes its way back to the speaker's stand. A couple in their sixties get out, the man wearing an American Legion hat and jacket. They go to the trunk of the car, take out two cardboard boxes filled with gold plastic trophies and set them on the stand. The man checks his watch, then he and his wife stroll back to watch the football game.

59 EXT. FOOTBALL GAME - DAY

Virgil and Superslope play announcer and color man over a loudspeaker set-up. The teams are an assortment of paras, old and young, long-haired and short-haired, agile and clumsy. Some are bedecked in outlandish counter-culture garb, others in football jerseys, others in tee shirts. Luke is playing halfback on the FREEWHEELERS, a team that includes Bozo, Pepe, Dewey and others we can recognize from their ward. They are distinguished by green crepe paper wrapped around their wheelchairs. Superslope is hollering into the microphone...

SUPERSLOPE
I want a field goal! Can't you morons kick a field goal?

VIRGIL
(jabbing him)
Cool it! You are one insensitive dude, man!

SUPERSLOPE
Field goal! Field goal!

Sally, her hair natural and frizzy, is on the sidelines leading cheers for Luke's team. Vi is there with Bill, who holds a guitar at his side and appears withdrawn. The game is rough, each team eager to win. Pat, the physical therapist, acts as referee. He is kept busy breaking up squabbles, righting wheelchairs and trying to keep the game from becoming a paraplegic gang fight. The game will be dramatized in MONTAGE fashion, such as:

(CONTINUED)

DIALOGUE FOR VIRGIL/SUPERSLOPE
SCENE 59 - WHEELCHAIR FOOTBALL COMMENTARY
1/20/77

SUPERSLOPE
I want a field goal! Can't you morons kick a field goal?

VIRGIL
(jabbing him)
Cool it! You are one insensitive dude, man!

SUPERSLOPE
Field goal! Field goal!

VIRGIL
We're still working on a scoreless tie here, folks -- Freewheelers 0, Chairchargers 0.

SUPERSLOPE
Ain't no runnin', man! Can't have scorin' without runnin'! You need footwork, keep those knees high an' we'll see some jukin an' jivin' an' fakin' an' heavy endzone action!
(leers at women)
....An' speakin' of scorin' -- I'd like to lob a pass at any of you ladies who dig timber...

VIRGIL
Superslope! We're on the air, man...

SUPERSLOPE
Yeah....
(sees Bill run across field)
Aiyeee! Crazy loony loose on the gridiron! Escaped from his cage! Tackle that man! Shoot him! Back to the madhouse, you maniac!
(sees Bill with Sally)
She's mine! Stay away from her with your depraved mind! He's rabid, Sally -- a rabid lunatic!

VIRGIL
How about just sticking to the game, huh?

SUPERSLOPE
Game? You call this a game, dummy?

(CONTINUED)

VIRGIL
I certainly do -- it's more than a game to those men that are playing...

SUPERSLOPE
Just rollin' around bumpin' each other, man...

VIRGIL
It has an importance to them... Hey! Nice pass! That's a gain of twelve yards...

SUPERSLOPE
Who cares?
(sees Luke onto field)
Oh, look at this! A big, mean white man's decided to play -- gonna be trouble in the turf, guts on the grass -- that man is a grumpy mothah, man...

VIRGIL
Luke Martin replaces Alex Dowdell for the Freewheelers.

SUBERSLOPE
Martin has been plagued with a bad knee, but the trainers have...

VIRGIL
(cuts him off)
Superslope! Ease off, huh man?

SUPERSLOPE
...And he is also hampered by a pulled groin muscle.... Can't be too big of an injury, knowin' Martin...

VIRGIL
C'mon, can't you give the fellows a little encouragement, man?

SUPERSLOPE
Sure, baby -- sure!
(sings)
Fight on, you men in chairs,
Playin' football, can't climb stairs.
Throwin' passes, goal line stand,
Never gonna make it in a marchin' band.
Bangin' heads, crashin' like shit,
You'd go to heaven, but your chairs won't fit.
Ole, man!

VIRGIL
You're a sentimental little gook, man..

SUPERSLOPE
(sees Sally leading cheer)
Yi! That mama can check me for termites any time, man...

VIRGIL
Watch the game!

SUPERSLOPE
I'm watchin' my game, man -- papa's watchin' mama workin' out!

VIRGIL
Martin takes the pass -- he's in the clear! There he goes!

SUPERSLOPE
Let him go man...

VIRGIL
He's at the 50, 45, 40...

SUPERSLOPE
Get off your ass, Martin!

VIRGIL
30, 25, 20...

SUPERSLOPE (looks at Sally)
Would she marry a Buddhist, man?

VIRGIL
10, 5, TOUCHDOWN!!

SUPERSLOPE
If I could get her in my hootch, she'd convert, man.

VIRGIL
Freewheelers 6, Chairchargers 0!

SUPERSLOPE
That tomato has legs like a redwood, man -- legs like a redwood...

REVISED 1/21/77

P.A. ANNOUNCER'S DIALOGUE (HARRIS)
SCENES 60-62 JULY FOURTH PICNIC
1/21/77

Harris is on the speaker's stand, a table lined with trophies beside him. His wife, MARGE, sits to the rear.

HARRIS

Before I announce any of our upcoming events, I just want to express my thanks to those boys that played football -- that was a heckuva game! You talk about your American spirit, a show of grit and determination, I saw it all out there on that field this afternoon. To me, there is no better way to celebrate our Nation's independence than through the courage of you young men. Also, I'd like to thank the Veteran's Administration for giving us this day, and for providing us with a schedule of non-stop competition. We'll be starting off with the track and field events, and any of you boys that are interested in competing, you just run down Pat Miller, he'll sign you up. I do want to caution you all to steer clear of the javelin, discus and shot put areas, keep your eyes open and practice 'safety first.'

(he turns)

Marge, do you have the program?

(she rises, hands it to him)

Thank you. Later in the day, Marge will be conducting the old Bingo game, you won't want to miss that!

(reads program, Marge leaves stand)

After the field events, we'll have the wheelchair slalom, six volts. Directly following that, we'll have the grand slalom, and that, friends, will be the <u>big one</u>, <u>twelve</u> volts!

(reads)

I want you all to be sure and drop by the weight lifting competition, I think you'll be astounded at what some of these youngsters can do.

We'll have the finals coming up very soon in the archery tournement, and, from what I've seen, we've got a flock of Robin Hoods on hand today, believe me.

(Marge comes up, hands him note)

Aha! Gordon Dickson is challenging all comers at the ping pong table -- he'll take anybody on -- one at a time -- two at a time, it doesn't matter to him, old Gordy is a whiz with that paddle.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS
(looks off)
It looks to me like Larry Schneider is whomping everybody's butt over there in horseshoes. He took all the honors last year. Darn it, I want somebody to get on over and give that fella some competition! C'mon, you soldiers, fall in around the horseshoes, give that man a run for his money!

(reads program)
We've got a couple of favorites in the wheelchair sprints, Jimmy Marble and Rod McClennan. They're the speedsters all right, go like greased lightening in those chairs.
(Marge hands him another note)
Oh, listen to this! Jeffrey Fields took two out of three games from Gordy at ping pong! What an upset, folks, Gordy must be slowin' down.
(reads)
...In the half-mile, I just gotta think it's a wide open field, and any of you lads that have strong arms and faith in your wind, why don't you go ahead and enter, you may just come away a winner.

I do have some bad news, friends -- in spite of last minute attempts by the Veteran's Administration and myself, the Fire Department has said absolutely no fireworks. I know we had them on the schedule, and I'm sorry to disappoint you, but the boys in blue know best.

Before we hand out the trophies for the athletic contests, I want to announce the winner in the V.A. Hospital's Essay Contest. The men were given the subject, 'What July Fourth Means To Me', and asked to express their thoughts in essay form. Well, let me tell you, I spent a few sleepless nights before I could come up with a winner, they were all just first-rate, but, I finally had to settle on a doozie, by none other than Willie Mason!

Come on up here, Willie! Darn it, you're the winner!

Get on up here! I'm not going to read it!

Yes sir! Willie Malone's essay on 'What July Fourth Means To Me' takes first place and you're going to hear it straight from Willie!

WILLIE MALONE'S SPEECH
SCENE 62 - 1/20/77

WILLIE

'What July Fourth means to me.'
I guess the first thing I remember was when I was a kid -- my folks would take us all down to the park. The whole town would turn out. That was a little place in Eastern Oregon called Baker. It used to be a pretty busy town back then, did a lot of gold mining and lumbering. My father was a rancher. It isn't much now, the mines have closed and the trees ain't what they used to be, but I remember it like it was. Seems like my mother spent days cooking for the picnic, and around about July first, my pa's mind would start wanderin' and he wouldn't give a damn about the cattle. That got us kids pretty excited, lookin' forward to all that food and the skyrockets and all. At the park, they'd have flags flyin' and games of chance, kissing booths and wrestling matches. But let me tell you, no matter what they had there to keep me busy, that day was always too long for me. I wanted the sun to go down, 'cause when it got dark, the band would play the Stars Spangled Banner and the fireworks would start up. I'd just lie back on the grass and watch them things explode, and I'd start thinkin' about how brave those men were that fought in the Revolution. I'd dream about those men, how they went to war for our freedom. I guess that's when I decided to be a soldier, lying in the grass seeing the sky lit up with those rockets, hearing that music. I enlisted when I became of age, I served in Europe in World War 11 and was involved in the liberation of dozens of towns. As I passed through them, as I saw the faces of the people, I realized I had fulfilled my dream, I had become one of those men who had gone to war for freedom. Anyway, I sure wound up doing what I wanted to, and that's what freedom means, and that's what July Fourth means to me.

CONTINUED:

Players scrambling for fumbled ball.
A completed pass.
Crunching blocking between the linemen.
Sally cheering.
Quarterback being thrown for loss.
Superslope and Virgil, commentary.
Luke makes a five yard gain.
Pat checking a fallen para's leg.
Bill and Vi watching.
Luke taking a short pass and breaking loose for a long run and a touchdown.
Game finishes, Freewheelers win, fans come onto field, congratulate players.

60 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Vi runs to hug breathless Sally.

VI
You were terrific!

SALLY
Was I? I was scared to death -- I thought I was making a fool out of myself...

LUKE (O.S.)
Hey, Bender!

Sally turns. Luke approaches, banged up and sweating.

LUKE
I saw you out of the corner of my eye a few times, reminded me of the old days.

SALLY
I used to be better.

LUKE
So did I.

SALLY
I'm sorry. That was dumb.

LUKE
It's true. Time takes its toll. Can I buy you ladies a hamburger?

SALLY
Sure... Luke, this is Vi...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

VI
(shakes hands)
Luke, the Duke, right?

LUKE
Right. Nice to meet you, Vi.

VI
(turns, pulls Bill over)
Luke, this is my brother Bill, he's an inmate in L-1.

Bill and Luke exchange a soul-brother handshake.

LUKE
How're you doing, Bill?

BILL
Pretty good... A little tired...

LUKE
Then let's eat, that'll help.

As they move toward the Jack-In-The-Box stand, we HEAR over a LOUDSPEAKER...

PA ANNOUNCER
Coming up, we have the wheelchair slalom, six volt. Directly following that event, we will have the grand slalom, and that, friends, will be the big one, twelve volts.

61 PICNIC TABLE - AFTERNOON

Sally, Vi and Luke have finished eating. Bill has only had a few french fries. The LOUDSPEAKER CONTINUES to announce various events, some can be SEEN in the b.g., such as archery, javelin, shot put, discus.

LUKE
Not too hungry, huh?

BILL
No...

LUKE
They hit you pretty heavy with meds in L-1, don't they?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

BILL
... Oh, just selzine, melereau, sperine, quaalude... chloralhydrate too... Sometimes a little thorazine's what you need...

Luke turns, gives Sally a long look...

LUKE
Happy Fourth of July...

62 EXT. SPEAKER'S STAND - DUSK

The man in the American Legion outfit, HARRIS, is on the stand. He is addressing a gathering of paras and quads.

HARRIS
... and I'm sure I speak for my colleagues when I said this has been an eye-opener and a real boost to my spirits. On the land, on the sea or in the air, in the end it's going to be technological superiority that's going to prevail.

63 EXT. VA GROUNDS - DUSK

A corner of the grounds. Sally, Vi, Bill are sitting on the grass. Luke is in his chair, holding a sparkler and a joint. Harris can be HEARD in the distance.

HARRIS
(over loudspeaker)
... and when it comes to technology, America simply can't be beat...

The speech continues. Luke passes the joint to Vi and Sally, lights another sparkler. Bill is awkwardly strumming on his guitar. Vi puts her hand on his shoulder...

VI
Feel like playing your song for us?

BILL
I can't... my fingers...

LUKE
My ass. Play your song.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

Bill looks up at Luke, then back to the guitar.

BILL
I'll try...

Bill picks at the guitar, Sally hands the joint back to Luke as he lights another sparkler.

BILL
(sings, has trouble, plays badly)
What is tomorrow, what is it we need?
What will it give us, a new life we can lead?
Will the wind crack the limbs, of a few dying trees?
Or will the branches unite, and bend in the breeze?

Tomorrow is hope, for it is something I have not seen,
Tomorrow is unknown, a day to live in a sunny dream...
... Shit!

He drops his guitar to the ground and begins to sob. Vi moves to him, holds her brother...

VI
Hey, c'mon, babe... It was pretty good... Hell, it was very good...

BILL
I can't play -- my fucking guitar...

LUKE
(moves to Bill)
Help me out of this thing...

Luke raises up with his arms and Sally and Vi ease him to the ground. Luke grabs Bill's shoulder, hangs on...

LUKE
(to Sally)
Get behind me, would you? I need some support...

Sally sits behind Luke, her back to his. Luke puts an arm around Bill.

LUKE
Okay, man... I know it feels like shit... You lose something you had, man... It feels like shit...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

Bill continues to sob as Luke silently holds and rocks him. American Legion speech continues in background. Sally turns, looks at Bill and Luke, then glances to Vi.

64 INT. OFFICERS' WIVES CLUB - DAY

The editorial staff of the OWC HOSTESS is considering two photo layouts pinned to a large bulletin board. One featuring Officer-son Little League activity, the other posing conditions at the VA. The overcrowding, men lined up outside the carwash, waiting to be dried, walls, water-marked from broken windows, etc. Bozo, Luke, Virgil and Superslope, and Dewey sit near the photos on display. Sally is talking.

SALLY
I thought we'd use quotes from the men themselves for captions and really do something interesting for a change. Maybe it would do some good. Get a few volunteers.

Cathy chairs the meeting. MARTHA VICKERY, sixtyish, blue-dyed hair, a Colonel's wife, studies the pictures, speaking with her back to the others.

MARTHA
Is that our function?

SALLY
If anyone should be concerned with veterans.

MARTHA
Of course we're concerned but there are established veterans' channels...
(turns now, smiling)
I just want to say I respect these young men for coming but -- well, in my experience -- most cripples don't have their courage and might even resent being held up as objects of pity...
(avoids their eyes)
Isn't that so?

BOZO
In my experience most cripples -- especially Viet Nam vets -- resent being hidden like skeletons in the closet and...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

MARTHA
May I interrupt?

BOZO
You already have.

MARTHA
There's a certain self-pity about some of the boys from Viet Nam that gets my dander up. I must say. Especially when they start blaming their own country instead of the enemy...

SUPERSLOPE
You make it easy, blue-head.

Dialogue is overlapped during reactions to Martha...

DEWEY
Oh Jesus...

SALLY
I don't think that's fair at all, Mrs. Vickery...

LUKE
(points to the pictures)
Is that why we're ignored? Tell me. Is that why you turn your backs on the pain to write about a Little League?

Martha turns to leave.

LUKE
Can you tell me why you would rather write about a fucking home run than a home where men live in their own shit? Forgotten by the assholes that put them there!

65 EXT. OFFICERS' CLUB PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The day is dark and cloudy. A VA car pulls away, returning Bozo, Dewey, Virgil and Superslope to the hospital. They wave as they pass Luke and Sally, arguing as they struggle to fit Luke's wheelchair into the Porsche speedster. The top is down, Luke is in the front seat, reaching back...

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

SALLY
My God. My God. My God.

LUKE
That fat cunt deserved every bit of it -- they all did!

SALLY
What did you expect? Going in there dressed like a bunch of pirates...

Wheelchair won't fit.

SALLY
Move your seat up.

LUKE
I can't.

SALLY
(pushes on chair)
Sometimes a little diplomacy is helpful, I thought we...

LUKE
(pulls on chair, overlaps her)
Diplomacy! You avoided the whole issue!
(looks back)
Is that thing going to fit?

It starts to rain. Sally gives up, hurries around to get in Porsche.

SALLY
It's good enough.

LUKE
It won't stay!

SALLY
(starts car)
Then hold onto the goddamn thing!

LUKE
(grasps wheelchair with one hand)
I knew all along this would be a waste of time -- but fuck 'em, it did me good!!!

We continue to HEAR them as Sally drives off in the rain...

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
I don't know how I can face Martha again... My God!

LUKE
Hard to believe you were a cheerleader...

SALLY
One thing for sure, they'll never mention it -- like the whole thing never happened.

LUKE
Why'd I ever listen to a captain's wife -- Jesus!!

The Porsche disappears around a corner.

66 INT. BEACH HOUSE - DUSK

The PHONE is RINGING. Luke, soaked, sits in his wheelchair by the fire. Sally tosses him a towel as she moves to the telephone.

SALLY
(into phone)
Hello... Cathy, I can't talk... No, I don't have a man here... Yes, he's a very interesting man... No one's here. I'm on the toilet...! You're grotesque...
(hangs up)
She's outrageous.

LUKE
I'm flattered...

SALLY
She thinks you're sexy.

LUKE
You denied I was here.

SALLY
You are.

Sally crosses into the kitchen.

LUKE
(a moment, calls to her)
You miss a man?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

Sally returns, carrying a tray with two chilled margueritas, guacamole and chips.

SALLY
Sure. That's my thing. That's what I do. I make a good wife.

LUKE
(takes marguerita)
I meant the body.

SALLY
There's more to it than a slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am...

LUKE
There's more to sex.

SALLY
I know...

LUKE
I miss lying next to a woman's body. Looking at it. Feeling. Touching. Getting to know, you know, it's important, what works for you. Intimacy. That's it. Sharing intimacy. Intimacies.
(pause)
Do you always wear a brassiere?

Sally is acutely aware of Luke staring at her. Her shirt hangs outside her slacks, half-open to her navel, revealing her bra. Their eyes hold until it becomes embarrassing. Then Sally reaches up, a reflex, fastens one button on her shirt.

LUKE
Even when you're alone, don't you ever take it off? Just to feel free? Look at yourself?

Sally rises, her back to Luke, staring out to the sea as if looking for a breath of fresh air.

LUKE
On a night like this, I think it's barbarous. Ritual, like women binding their feet or wearing veils or shaving their heads. Or corsets. Or bustles...

Sally reaches an important decision. She suddenly unhooks the brassiere and knots her shirttails across her ribs, sharply outlining her breasts, then turns and drops the brassiere on Luke's lap.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
I was going to do a flash turn and say 'ta-da!' but I'm just not -- oh, shit, I wear falsies -- so now you know. Luckily Bob's a leg man not a tit man.

LUKE
That's a crime against nature...

There is a long moment of silence as they look at each other.

SALLY
(lowers eyes)
... I've never been unfaithful to Bob.

LUKE
Would you believe I have principles about other men's wives...?

SALLY
(nods)
This is all very confusing...

67 INT. VA SPINAL CORD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Doc Dunbarton has fallen asleep with his finger on the driver controls, so he travels in a tight little circle. A hand comes INTO FRAME, lifts Doc's finger and the wheelchair stops. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Luke and Sally moving quietly past him.

LUKE
Ever ridden in one of these?

SALLY
Never.

LUKE
Hop on.

Sally smiles, climbs onto Luke's lap but holds herself up, does not rest her weight on him.

LUKE
C'mon, sit down.

SALLY
Is it okay?

LUKE
Yeah, it's great!

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

She relaxes and sits on his lap. He pushes the wheels and they take off down the corridor, skidding to a stop in front of the ward doors. Quietly, Luke pushes them open.

68 INT. SPINAL CORD - NIGHT

Only the night lights are on, the SOUNDS of sleep are HEARD as Luke and Sally silently roll through the ward. Sally gets off as Luke pulls into his cubicle.

SALLY
(whispers)
Thanks for the ride.

LUKE
Thanks for the dinner.

She kisses him. The kiss lasts a second longer than it should and she straightens up.

SALLY
Good night. I'll see you tomorrow...

LUKE
Good night...

She waves as she leaves the ward.

69 EXT. VA HOSPITAL - SECOND-FLOOR PATIO - DAY

Sally is on a break, having coffee under an aluminum umbrella. Fleta Wilson comes up the steps, crosses to Sally.

FLETA
(hands her telegram)
This just came...

Sally tightens, tentatively takes the telegram.

FLETA
Do you want me to stay?

SALLY
(slowly)
... I don't think so... Do you mind?

FLETA
(leaving)
I'll be in my office.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

Sally watches her go, takes a sip of coffee, delays opening it.

70 INT. HOSPITAL KITCHEN - VI'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is a cage squeezed between the kitchen and the storeroom. Vi is engulfed in paperwork as Sally rushes in.

VI
(looking up)
Would you believe we ate a thousand cans of chicken noodle soup in June?

SALLY
(excited)
Orders from the front! Bob and Dink want us to grab the first plane we can for a week's R&R in Hong Kong!

VI
Oh my God, Hong Kong?

SALLY
(shows her telegram)
Look, I've got to go to the bank, and get my hair done.

VI
... A week?

SALLY
Five days! Maybe you could check the airlines. I think it's already tomorrow there...

VI
Who does he think he is, anyhow? Giving me orders. Drop your life, come at once. Yeach... Dinky Dickie wants a quickie... Fuck him, I can't go...

SALLY
Oh c'mon, Vi.

VI
C'mon, Vi, my ass. What am I supposed to do? Walk out on my job? Walk out on my brother? I just can't do that...

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

SALLY
Well, okay. I'm going to miss you, y'know. So's Dink.

VI
(she softens; looks up)
Yeah. Give him a kiss for me -- on the cheek.

Sally smiles, hugs Vi.

71 EXT. VA BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Luke is teaching two men, RIVAS and MONTGOMERY, how to shoot baskets from a wheelchair.

LUKE
You've got to use your forearms. Arch the ball, up high. That's it. You've got it. That was a helluva shot.

Luke grabs the rebound and sees Sally standing at the fence.

LUKE
Hey, Bender, keep your eye on the ball!

Luke wheels around, attempts a hook shot, misses.

LUKE
(moving to fence)
Damn -- I just made five in a row!

SALLY
(with difficulty)
Luke... Bob's on R&R...

LUKE
(hesitates, withdraws)
Well... Have a nice trip.

SALLY
We're going to meet in...

LUKE
(interrupts as he turns)
Like I said, have a nice trip.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

Luke starts back to Rivas and Montgomery.

LUKE
(to Rivas, as he wheels away)
Good one, Rivas. That's the way to hustle.

Sally stands at the fence for a beat, then leaves.

72 EXT. HONG KONG - DUSK

Victoria Peak overlooking the city of Hong Kong. A taxi winds its way up the road, stops at a vantage point. Bob, wearing a Fu Manchu moustache, gets out, followed by Dink. They are both in uniform, put their civvies on the fender of the cab and start to undress.

BOB
(looking at vista)
Look at that son of a bitch!

DINK
Not a fuckin' rice paddy in sight!

BOB
(pulls off pants, reaches for slacks)
Where do we start?

DINK
(putting on flowered short-sleeved shirt)
Anywhere!

BOB
Just give me ten seconds...

They both hurry to change into the civvies.

73 INT. HONG KONG AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - DAY

Sally in line at customs. Dink stands on other side of glass waving, pantomiming, "Where's Vi?" Sally pantomimes "Where's Bob?" Both indicate they'll meet inside the terminal.

74 INT. HONG KONG TERMINAL - DAY

Dink carries Sally's suitcase as they walk through terminal.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

SALLY
You're sure there isn't anything wrong...?

DINK
He's getting the rooms... Jesus, five days, is that too much to ask from a broad you've invested two years in?

SALLY
I think she wants a commitment from you, Dink, she needs a little security.

DINK
Did she say that?

SALLY
I said that.

DINK
Who asked you? She needs security? When I'm up to my ass in stinking jungles, she needs security?

They exit the terminal.

75 EXT. KONG KONG HOTEL - DAY

Dink drops Sally off in front of hotel. She heads toward the entrance.

76 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sally enters, the room is empty, Bob's clothing scattered around. She hears the shower running, looks around the room. A gin bottle, along with some Schwepps, is on the dresser. Sally pours two drinks.

77 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Sally enters, pauses in front of the shower, then hands Bob a drink through the shower curtain... He takes the drink and there is a beat of silence...

BOB'S VOICE
... Are you Sally?

SALLY
Are you Bob?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

He flings the curtain open.

SALLY
A moustache!

BOB
My God, a lady!!

They embrace.

BOB
Jesus, it's good to see you...

SALLY
I know, I know... Are you okay? I've missed you -- God, I've missed you so much...

BOB
Me too, baby, me too...
(he looks at her)
Christ, you look great! Hang on, I'll be right out...

SALLY
(unbuttons dress)
You hang on, I'll be right in!

Bob grins as Sally gets undressed.

78 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Sally in bed. Bob rolls over, reaches into his bag and pulls out carton of "Park Lane."

BOB
Don't get uptight, it's grass, you can buy it on the street in Nam. I thought we might try it. I'm a bit into weed.

SALLY
I love it! I'm practically a head! Vi turned me on. Who turned you on? I was afraid to tell you.

BOB
(lights Park Lane)
The war turned me on. I wish Vi would've come -- leaves Dink to jerk himself off...

(CONTINUED)

SALLY
I wouldn't worry about Dink... Tell me about you -- what's it like? I want to know. God, there's so much to talk about...

BOB
I don't know what it's like. I only know what it is. TV shows what it's like. They don't know what it is...
(reaches for drink)
Why'd you go to work in that hospital?

SALLY
I wanted to. It keeps me busy and I feel like I'm really helping...

BOB
That's the goddamn dregs, you didn't have to do that...

Sally turns to Bob, strokes his body, tries to warm him up...

SALLY
C'mon, how 'bout a little R&R?

BOB
... That's pretty good...

SALLY
Ummmmmm...

BOB
Is that how you sponge off the basket cases?

SALLY
(pulls back, hurt)
Bob, Jesus...!

Bob says nothing, takes another toke of the Park Lane. Sally looks at him for a moment, then turns over, her back to him.

79 INT. VA PSYCHIATRIC - DAY ROOM - DAY

Bill and Vi sit on the edge of a ping pong table with no net.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

VI
Do you remember wrestling around with Dad on that old rug in the living room?

BILL
... I don't think so.

VI
You loved it... used to go into a tantrum when he'd stop...

BILL
Yeah...

VI
He was really a good guy.

BILL
Yeah... Did you wrestle too?

VI
Sure — I was a tiger... How about when he first got you that bike? You kept falling on your ass, he spent days running along behind you until you finally stayed up...

BILL
(rises)
I think I'll just watch some TV...

Vi watches as Bill sits with other patients on a rattan couch in front of the TV.

80 INT. SPINAL CORD WARD - NIGHT

At a side of the ward, Pat and JOHNSON, a black therapist, are explaining the use of forearm crutches to a group of paras in wheelchairs. Luke, Bozo, Dewey, Virgil/Super-slope are among those listening. Johnson is demonstrating standard crutches.

PAT
(demonstrates forearm crutches)
They've been around for a while... Johnson and I want to give them a try...
(motions to Johnson)
You see how those crutches don't allow any movement of the arms?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

PAT (CONT'D)
These...
(motions to his own)
... let you use your arms, are lighter, give you a hell of a lot more mobility.

BOZO
Shit, man, how many of us are ever going to get on our feet?

PAT
I don't know, Bozo. These crutches might just give some of you a better shot at it. Check the way I can move...

During Pat's speech, an intern, DOCTOR WOODWARD enters. Speaks to the men.

DR. WOODWARD
(to the group)
How are you this evening? Did the new arrival come in yet?

LUKE
... Fourteen.

Woodward heads toward Bay Fourteen.

PAT
(tightens as he sees Doctor)
... What do you guys think? Are you interested?

JOHNSON
These dudes are trained not to volunteer, Pat...
(points to Dewey)
Okay, Dewey, we're going to try and get you off your ass...

As Johnson straps leg braces on Dewey's legs, Pat attaches forearm crutches to Dewey. Woodward goes to the bed of the new patient, RUDY, a quad.

DR. WOODWARD
(checks chart)
How are you feeling?

RUDY
... Fine...

80 CONTINUED: (2)

DR. WOODWARD
Have you been informed of the extent of your injury?

RUDY
Yes, sir -- on the hospital ship. When I first woke up. They said I was a quad. I'd never walk again...

DR. WOODWARD
(sits on corner of bed)
's good... Let's just see how re doing, okay?

As the Doctor probes around Rudy's body, Johnson works with Dewey. Pat helps out.

JOHNSON
Okay, brother, now what I want you to do is get your hips forward, get your arms out to the side -- now push yourself out of that chair as high as you can -- get the feel of the mothers...

Dewey strains to lift his body, gets a distance above the chair, holds himself, then slowly lowers. He repeats the exercise as Rudy speaks to Dr. Woodward...

RUDY
... I think I've been getting some feeling in my left arm, Doctor -- every now and then...

DR. WOODWARD
(stops examining, looks up)
It's not your arm that has feeling, it's irritated nerve endings at the point of your lesion that are sending phantom signals to your brain. Your arms have no feeling -- they never will...

Pat is beginning to get angry, he nudges Johnson...

PAT
(quietly)
... Are you listening to that son of a bitch?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON
(to Dewey)
Hey, baby, that's great! Keep working...
(to Pat)
I'm trying not to...

DR. WOODWARD
... You are going to have to know, and accept the truth, Rudy, the damage you sustained was so severe...

PAT
(stands, interrupts)
What's that, Doctor?

DR. WOODWARD
(turns)
Pardon?

PAT
You tell me what the truth is. I haven't found it out yet...

DR. WOODWARD
The truth is that this man has lost the use of his limbs and he has to adjust.

PAT
You act like he'll never get out of bed.

DR. WOODWARD
(checks chart)
This man has a high level injury, and most probably won't.

PAT
So you're saying don't even try.

DR. WOODWARD
Not if it's going to be futile.

PAT
Now that's just the kind of shit I can't stand!

DR. WOODWARD
Now hold on...

PAT
You hold on!

(MORE)

80 CONTINUED: (4)

PAT (CONT'D)
That man's been in the ward less than two hours. You take a look at his chart and tell him he'll never move. I say that's horseshit!

DR. WOODWARD
Who do you think you're talking to?

PAT
I am fed up to here with people like you, Doctor, and I am tired of dealing with fucking assholes!
(he spins around, addresses patients)
You guys keep the faith -- don't let these bastards keep you down...

Pat hurries out of the ward. Johnson looks to Dewey, others...

JOHNSON
Keep working with those things, all of you -- take care...

Johnson leaves. The patients, Luke included, are silent as they watch their therapists go.

81 POV THROUGH COIN-OPERATED TELESCOPE - DAY

PAN SHOT REVEALS small bunkers, peasants in field, Army barracks, sampans in river, mountains in distance.

BOB (O.S.)
You wanted it, you got it. Eight hundred million people beyond that river.

DINK (O.S.)
I don't like being so fuckin' close...

SALLY (O.S.)
It's kind of weird -- gives me goosebumps.

82 EXT. HONG KONG MAINLAND - CHINA BORDER - DAY

Sally, Bob and Dink look through telescope at the border beyond the river.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

BOB
(pulling back from telescope)
You know, we should of gone in there during Korea -- hit the big cities -- the country would have been in chaos... Now it's too late, the bastards always hold us back...

DINK
Like right now.

BOB
Hell yes! If they'd let us go on the offensive... Shit, with what we've got we'd be in Hanoi in a month...

DINK
I don't know if we've got the troops for that kinda shit, man, half of 'em got fucking flowers in their helmets...

Sally, feeling left out, tries to change the subject...

SALLY
(to Bob)
Let's have one of your cigarettes...

BOB
Good idea...
(takes out Park Lane; looks to border)
... Those Chinese are smart little bastards, though, they invented gunpowder.

SALLY
(watching Bob light joint)
... And didn't they invent paper, too...?

DINK
They were forced to, had so many assholes to wipe...

Bob breaks up as he inhales the smoke.

83 EXT. KOWLOON STREET - NIGHT

Dink drives Bob and Sally through a downtown area, teeming with pedestrians. Jammed with traffic, stores and nightclubs.

84 INT. KOWLOON NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A crowded bar. A Chinese rock band plays, Chinese hostesses dance and sit at tables with various customers. Dink and Sally are dancing, Bob sits alone at a table.

DINK
(as he dances)
Listen, you can tell the kid I'll marry her if you want to.

SALLY
Tell her yourself.

DINK
You'd say it better.

SALLY
Put it in writing.

DINK
C'mon, Sally, give me a break, huh?

The music ends, they start for the table.

SALLY
I'm not going to do it, Dink.

Sally sits with Bob, Dink remains standing...

DINK
Let's try that place across the street.

BOB
(looking up)
Yeah, okay...

SALLY
Bob... I'd really like some time along, just you and I...

BOB
We can't leave Dink.

DINK
(smiling)
The hell you can't -- I'll catch up with you later...

Dink leaves, eager to be on his own. Bob and Sally sit in silence for a moment. Sally takes a drink, then looks at Bob.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

SALLY
We need to be together, you know...

BOB
We are right now...

SALLY
I don't mean an hour in some dive -- and I don't mean in bed. There's something between us that I don't like, Bob... I don't know if it's you, or if it's me...

BOB
(drinks, a long time to answer)
It's not you... God, it's not you at all... It's just all that bullshit in Nam -- I can't get it out of my head...
(looks up to her)
Maybe I'm pissed at you for sitting back home playing nurse while I'm out in the boonies getting the shit scared out of me -- I don't know... That sounds pretty stupid...

SALLY
It doesn't sound stupid at all -- I think I'd feel the same way...

BOB
What you can see is bad enough -- what you don't see... shit, you can't even take a step... They've got these homemade booby traps that shred your ankles... It takes two men to carry you back, more men and fuel for the Medevac chopper to lift you out... They want you in a goddamn basket, but alive... Then you're living proof of what happens when you're caught fucking around where you don't belong...

SALLY
(reaches for his hand)
Oh, Bob... God...

Bob abruptly pulls his hand away, looks around at the crowded bar...

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

BOB
Let's go find Dink, huh?

Sally, startled at the sudden change in mood, rises to follow him out.

85 INT. SPINAL CORD WARD - DAY

The ward is quiet. Luke, Bozo, Dewey, Virgil/Superslope, Pepe and a few paras are gone. Bill enters, circles the ward, going from bed to bed looking for Luke. As he is about to leave, DeGroot enters.

BILL
(startled, defensive)
I was leaving...

DeGROOT
(notes psychiatric garb)
Can I help you?

BILL
No, no. I came to visit Luke Martin, but I've got to leave.

Bill hurries out of the ward.

86 INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

Six or seven wheelchair patients are in the hallway. An administrative officer, MacDONALD, is confronted by the men...

MacDONALD
I <u>am</u> aware of your problems, and let me tell you, men, we have plenty of our own.

The men react to this, shout at MacDonald. Luke holds up his hands to quiet them.

LUKE
Goddammit, let's try and be reasonable. We spend hours in those wards, bitching with each other, getting nowhere. All we want is to be heard.

DEWEY
The few good people you have working here are splitting, man, they can't handle it either!

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

MacDONALD
If you want to present a list of specific grievances, fine. Submit it through the proper channels.

LUKE
Why in the hell can't we just sit down and talk to the administrators, the doctors, the whole fucking staff? We could let you know where we're at, how we feel...

MacDONALD
I'm afraid town meetings are not a part of VA policy, it's out of the question. You men get it down on paper, you can turn it in to my office.

MacDonald goes into his office. The men sit quietly for a beat, then react angrily as they leave.

87 EXT. ABERDEEN WATERFRONT - HONG KONG - DAWN

Bob and Sally run along a sidewalk past small huts, Chinese shops, and moored junks. Sally is breathing hard, pushing herself to keep up with Bob.

SALLY
Bob -- I can't -- I'm through...

BOB
Keep going.

SALLY
(slowing)
I can't...

BOB
(slows, looks back)
You can! Keep it up! Come on! Run -- Run -- Run!

Sally, gasping for air, doesn't give up, continues to run. She finally breaks through the pain and begins to pull even with Bob.

88 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sally and Bob lie on the bed. The remains of a room service meal are on a cart in the middle of the room.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

BOB
How come a nice girl like you married a slob like me?

SALLY
You're my kind of slob.

BOB
Straight now -- would you of married me if I wasn't a Marine?

SALLY
What are you talking about?

BOB
The Marine Corps. I don't know if I can sweat it anymore...

SALLY
God, that's you, Bob. It's your whole life...

BOB
Maybe -- who knows? The whole fucking Corps structure is changing. Two-thirds of my outfit is black or Mexicans. Some Filipinos. Fuck it, I respect them more than the white college kids that are beating the draft. We're not the elite, we're not even equals anymore... All of our gear are hand-me-downs. The slope Marines get the new weapons. What they don't abandon when they run, they sell on the black market or to the VC...

SALLY
I wish you didn't have to go back.

BOB
Well, what I've been thinking about, I want it to be different for us after this. I want a better kind of life. With kids...

SALLY
Me too.

BOB
... And a real home. I'd like to go back to school. I had a fairly good mind once. I wouldn't want to fuck that up for us...

88 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
I'm scared to lose you now...

Bob gets off the bed, sits in a chair by the window.

89 INT. SPINAL CORD WARD - MORNING

The wheelchair patients of the ward are busily preparing to leave. Stashing whatever they can in their chairs: jackets, sweaters, radios, Virgil puts the set of forearm crutches and leg braces in his chair along with Superslope. There is a feeling of euphoria as they ready themselves.

DEWEY
(to Luke)
... Just like going out on patrol...

LUKE
Don't remind me...
(turns to men)
All set?

The men nod. As they group near the doorway, they get a send-off from men who remain that support them: "Give 'em hell!", "Don't give in!", Rory's electronic voice is HEARD, "I'll be praying for you, Luke", "Kick their asses for me!" etc., etc. The antis, Hiram, older vets, some young ones, also yell: "You Goddamn crybabies!" "You'll wind up in the brig!" "Don't come back!", etc.

90 INT. SPINAL CORD HALLWAY - MORNING

As Luke leads the way into the corridor, we SEE Nurse DeGroot running to a utility closet. Peewee, Doc Dunbarton, and Corrine are by the open door.

DeGROOT
(arrives at closet)
Who is it?

CORRINE
A looney from L-1...

As DeGroot looks in, the parade of paras approaches... Luke stops, looks inside, sees Bill curled in a corner of the closet, dead.

LUKE
(recognizes Bill)
Jesus...

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

DeGROOT
(checks body)
He's gone -- looks like an O.D....

LUKE
(backs away)
Fuck...! This fucking...
(to paras)
Let's go goddamit! Let's fucking go!

Luke pushes himself violently down the corridor, followed by the rest of the men. Other groups of demonstrators join them from other wards.

91 EXT. HONG KONG AIRPORT - KOWLOON - DAY

Sally stands outside the terminal with Dink and Bob. Bob prods Dink with an elbow.

BOB
Hey, Sarge, would you momentarily ... ahh, fuck off.

Dink hesitates, then reaches in his pocket for an envelope, hands it to Sally...

DINK
Uh, look... I tried calling the kid, she wasn't home -- so I put it in writing. Give it to her for me, huh?

SALLY
(takes letter)
Be glad to, Dink...

Dink smiles, leaves. Bob holds Sally...

SALLY
We've said it all, I guess...

BOB
I guess.

SALLY
Take good care, will you?

BOB
(he pulls back, looks at her)
... I'll try...

He turns, runs after Dink and disappears into the airport crowd as Sally looks after him.

EXT. VA HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT

The lights are on in the windows of the ground floor. Outside, a small crowd is beginning to gather along with two VA security patrol cars. A sheriff's car pulls up, a DEPUTY gets out.

DEPUTY
(to VA security man)
What the hell's going on?

SECURITY MAN
The goddamn paraplegics... They're holding Jeffries and MacDonald inside. We'll just wait 'em out, they can't last long...

93 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT

The doors at either end of the hallway are barricaded with desks. MacDonald and JEFFRIES, an assistant director, stand in the hall, talking to Luke and some other paras.

MacDONALD
I just can't see what you hope to gain by this -- it's lunacy, pure lunacy...

LUKE
Maybe to you, not to us...

Dewey wheels up with a lap piled high with telephones.

DEWEY
(handing one to MacDonald)
Wanta call Mama, man? Tell her you'll be a little late to dinner?
(turns to Jeffries)
You -- you look like a rich dude, maybe call the Red Cross for some coffee and doughnuts?
(drops the phone, pushes the rest off his lap to the floor)
Fuck it -- no personal calls tonight...

Virgil and Superslope roll up to the two administrators.

SUPERSLOPE
Cut off their heads! Cut off their heads!

VIRGIL
Hey, man, this is a peaceful demonstration!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jeffries and MacDonald avoid Superslope's piercing eyes.

SUPERSLOPE
(to Virgil)
I know that, dummy...
(back to Jeffries and MacDonald)
Cut off their heads! Cut off their heads!

Jeffries and MacDonald begin to get a little nervous.

94 EXT. ALLEY - SALLY'S BEACH HOUSE - DAY

A taxi drops off Sally. She starts into her house. Notices Vi's van, leaves her suitcase on the steps and pulls the letter from her pocket as she hurries to Vi's. She knocks; no answer. Sally tries the door; it is open; she goes on in.

95 INT. VI'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is a mess. Bill's photographs are torn from the wall and strewn all over the floor. Sally enters, crosses to Vi who lies sprawled on the bed with her clothes on, asleep. Sally smooths Vi's matted hair. Vi awakens...

SALLY
Vi, it's me -- what happened?

VI
(groggy, drunk)
Gotta pee...

Vi stumbles into the bathroom. Sally looks around the room, straightens the bed. Vi yells O.S.:

VI (O.S.)
Stupid little motherfucker wasted himself, d'you hear?

SALLY
(stands)
... Bill?...

Vi reappears.

VI
Big fucking relief if you want to know...

Sally crosses to Vi, holds her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY
Oh, God, Vi... I'm sorry...

VI
Stay with me, okay? Please...

SALLY
Sure... sure...

VI
I want to get out of here, babe -- just get out of here...
(she looks at Sally)
Will you wait for me? I want to take a shower -- please wait?

SALLY
I'll be right here, Vi... Go ahead, I'll be here...

VI
(starts for bathroom)
Thanks, babe...

As Vi leaves, Sally begins to pick up the pieces of the photos...

96 EXT. VA HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

PAN with Corrine as she hurries down the street, carrying bags of supplies toward the administration building. We SEE that more police have arrived, along with a television mobile unit. A microphone is shoved in front of Corrine as she nears the building.

TV REPORTER
Are you a part of this demonstration?

CORRINE
Guess I am now...

She walks past the Reporter and is stopped by a SECURITY MAN.

SECURITY MAN
Sorry, ma'am...

CORRINE
Don't give me that shit...

Corrine walks right past him and bangs on the front door of the building.

CORRINE
Open up! I got a sackful of enema bags!

97 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

The high spirits that were present in the initial takeover have faded. The paras are subdued, some sleeping in their chairs, others just sitting, waiting. Superslope is alone in his chair as Virgil works, leaning against the wall, with the forearm crutches and leg braces. Jeffries and MacDonald sit on the floor. A gin game is broken up near the front door as they react to Corrine's voice. Bozo and a couple of other men move the desk back.

BOZO
(calls to her)
Be right with you, love, just a second!

Luke wheels to the door, helps with the desk. The door opens and the men cheer as Corrine enters. Luke goes to the open door as Corrine empties the bags on a desk.

98 EXT. VA HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

Luke appears in the doorway...

LUKE
(calling)
Send in the television crew!

The Reporter and the cameraman start toward the building, are stopped by security guards.

LUKE
(backs into hallway)
We'll wait!...

The door once again closes.

99 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

Medical supplies, bread, fruit and cartons of milk are passed around as Corrine goes from man to man, checking on their needs. Luke talks to Bozo as they push the desk back against the door.

LUKE
(looks around hallway)
I hope they can all hang on...

BOZO
We've got more endurance than they figure us for -- we'll make it.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

LUKE
Yeah -- that TV's the key -- the more coverage, the more people know...

BOZO
If they don't switch channels...

LUKE
You mean maybe they'd rather watch Lucy:..

BOZO
Maybe... assholes...

100 EXT. SAN DIEGO OUTSKIRTS - DUSK

Sally's Porsche turns off the freeway at the Mission Bay off-ramp.

101 INT. PORSCHE - DUSK

Sally driving, Vi holding Dink's letter.

VI
(shaking head)
... Jesus... I just don't know how to handle a day like this... What do I do? Cry? Laugh? Drink? Pray? I don't know where to start...

SALLY
(points off)
There's some hotels up here -- how about a nice quiet dinner?

VI
Yeah... Okay, sounds as good as anything else...

102 INT. VA ADMINISTRATION BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Corrine plays cards with Luke, Bozo and Dewey. Most of the paras are asleep. The silence is broken by Virgil's shouting:

VIRGIL
(with forearm crutches, leg brace on, takes a step)
Hey! Hey!! Lookit! Hey!

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

Superslope gazes up from the chair; other men wake and applaud as Virgil moves a bit more, then teeters, loses his balance and falls. Corrine hurries to him...

VIRGIL
(on the floor)
I did it! Goddammit, I did it!

CORRINE
(bending to him)
You keep at it, boy. I'm goin' to need some help tending to these cripples after a week or two...

Virgil is beaming as Corrine helps him back into his chair.

103 INT. SAN DIEGO HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sally and Vi finished with dinner. Vi still holds Dink's letter.

VI
I think I'm going to say yes...

SALLY
(lifts water glass, toasts)
Congratulations! Mrs. Mobley... how about that!

VI
Gimme a short ceremony, babe, I want to get it over with...

SALLY
What?

VI
C'mon, you're the preacher...
(turns)
Waiter!

The WAITER comes to the table.

WAITER
Yes, ma'am?

VI
Stand here for a sec, okay?
(to Sally)
This man's standing in for Dink, go ahead, marry us, Your Holiness...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

SALLY
(a beat)
Uh... Vi, do you take this man to be your husband?

VI
Sure thing...

SALLY
(to Waiter)
And do you, Dink, take this woman to be your wife?

WAITER
Yes, ma'am...

SALLY
I pronounce you man and wife...

VI
(looks at Waiter)
That's all. Thanks a lot...

The Waiter nods, leaves.

VI
(back to Sally)
Hell, that was painless --
(rises)
... Now we celebrate, let's go...

SALLY
(takes her purse, gets up)
I don't believe this is really happening -- we must be drunk...

Vi and Sally exit the restaurant.

104 EXT. VA HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT

A larger crowd has congregated outside the building. Additional VA patients have gathered, not privy to the goings-on inside but shouting their support from the street. Another TV station has sent a news team. A group of anti-war demonstrators hold signs and repeat a chant: "Hey, hey, LBJ, how many kids did you maim today?" Additional units of police can be SEEN surrounding the building.

105 INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - SAN DIEGO HOTEL - NIGHT

Sally and Vi sit drinking in the lounge. A waiter brings a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket and starts to open it.

SALLY
(to waiter)
I'm afraid there's been some mistake...

The waiter gestures toward another table, where two well-dressed men are sitting, acknowledging that they sent the champagne.

VI
(looking at men)
This is the moment of truth...
(back to Sally)
Listen, let me tell you something straight -- I never got married before and I'm sentimental. No one, not even Dink, is going to keep me from having a proper wedding night.

SALLY
You're just an old-fashioned girl.

VI
Very sentimental...
(looks back to men)
... Not bad.

SALLY
Presentable...

Vi and Sally touch their glasses, turn and toast the two men. They are already rising to join the ladies.

106 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

The men are wide awake in the hallway, aroused by the support from outside. Luke and others are looking out a window near the front door.

LUKE
(turns to others)
Now's the time -- I'm going out...

DEWEY
How do you know it's time?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

LUKE
(takes paper from shirt)
Because in an hour all those people might just go home and go to bed... I'm going out...

Luke tries to push back the desk, is helped by other paras and Corrine. He goes outside.

107 EXT. VA HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT

The crowds begin to quiet as the door opens and Luke appears. TV newsmen and their cameramen fight their way to the doorway. Luke looks the situation over for a beat, then starts to read from the sheet of paper.

LUKE
This letter is addressed to...
(he looks up)
It's addressed to the Veterans Administration in Washington, but we really meant it for all of you — we want you to know...
(looks back to letter)
'Dear Sirs: Conditions in this hospital, as well as many others across the country, have become intolerable.'

The TV cameras press closer.

LUKE
'Lack of adequate training for the doctors, the nurses and the administrators has had a profound negative effect on the rehabilitation process. Patient morale is at an all-time low, as is...

Suddenly, two SECURITY MEN jump up from the crowd and grab Luke. Others stream through the open door into the hallway.

LUKE
(reacting as they pull him back)
Goddamn you!

SECURITY MAN
It's all over. Cool it!

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

Luke grabs for one of the Security Men, loses his balance and falls from the chair, pulling the Man down with him. Luke, from an impotent position on the ground, still attempts to lash out with his fists as the men restrain him. In the b.g. we can SEE other paras, unable to resist, being wheeled out of the building by VA security guards. The police quickly put up a ring around the crowd to prevent violence on the outside.

108 INT. HOTEL SUITE - SAN DIEGO (MISSION BAY) - NIGHT

Business charts and graphs, as well as sales paraphernalia, are distributed in the suite. The door opens. BRUCE FRAZIER, older, aggressive, carries Vi exaggeratedly across the threshold.

BRUCE
Your honeymoon cottage, love.

Sally and TIM SPENCE, taller, younger and more reserved, laugh as they follow Vi and Bruce into the suite. The four are a bit tipsy from alcohol. Bruce puts Vi onto the couch, sits next to her. Tim opens a bottle of champagne.

SALLY
(looks around the suite)
This is bigger than my house...

TIM
First class, Sally, we always go first class.

VI
(in awe of suite)
What do you guys do, anyway?

BRUCE
We're with Dow Chemical...

VI
Oh, great, Dow Chemical --
(to Tim)
I'll have a little napalm on the rocks.

TIM
(passes out champagne)
We're into plastics, insecticides, pesticides, mainly...

VI
Bug killers...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

VI (CONT'D)
(she stands, toasts)
Here's to the bug killers! May you have a long and rewarding life!

They all raise their glasses.

SALLY, TIM, BRUCE, VI
To the bug killers!

Vi downs the champagne. Bruce riees, gives her a refill as Tim and Sally sit. Bruce nuzzles Vi's ear as he pours; she smiles at him and begins to snap her fingers, move her body...

VI
(pushes Bruce away)
Have a seat for now...

Bruce sits. Vi sways seductively and turns on RADIO.

VI
(dialing, finds rock music)
You guys ever been to a go-go club?

BRUCE
(smiling)
We visit a lot of cities...

Vi turns her back as she slips off her dress, leaving only her bikini briefs and white boots. Sally is a bit uneasy as she sips on her champagne. Bruce and Tim keep time to the tempo on various glasses, bottles and tabletops. Vi steps onto a coffee table and goes into a bored go-go number. Tim tentatively nuzzles Sally's ear; she moves away on the couch. Vi turns stripper, playing directly to Bruce. She slides her hand down one leg and unzips a boot, does a bump and grind, turns and takes off the other. As she dances, we begin to SEE real pain in Vi's face. Sally senses it, cannot bring herself to interrupt the dance. Bruce claps his hands and whistles as Vi does a final bump, then jumps from the table and disappears behind a drape as the MUSIC CONTINUES. Sally goes to her...

SALLY
(quietly)
Are you all right?

VI
(the tears starting)
He had so much, Sally. Goddammit, he had so much...

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
(reaching for her)
Oh, Vi...

Vi moves away, goes to the center of the room, looks at Bruce.

VI
(half-crying)
Enough of this small talk. This is my wedding night, for Christsakes...

She picks up a glass of champagne, moves to the bedroom door.

VI
(to Bruce)
Okay, bug killer, it's time.

Bruce eagerly gets to his feet, follows Vi into the bedroom, closes the door. There is silence between Sally and Tim. She still stands by the drapes, deeply affected by Vi's pain. Tim is also aware of it, sits on the couch.

109 INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - SAN DIEGO HOTEL - NIGHT

Sally and Tim sit at the bar, drinking liqueurs.

TIM
You're very attractive, Sally...

SALLY
... Thank you... So are you, Tim...

TIM
I would like to spend the night with you, very much.

SALLY
(a beat; hard for her, takes drink)
No, I can't, Tim. It's nothing against you, I think you're really nice, but I want to go home alone. I'm sorry, I really am.

TIM
Oh, please, don't apologize.

SALLY
I'm not apologizing. I'm just sorry...

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

Sally's attention is diverted by the SOUND of a TV set.

LUKE (V.O.)
(over TV)
... on the rehabilitation process. Patient morale is at an all-time low, as is...

She looks around the bar, spots the TV in time to see Luke falling out of his chair and fighting with the security men. An ANNOUNCER'S VOICE is HEARD.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Some fifty veterans were involved in the take-over, others...

SALLY
(eyes glued to the TV)
My God...

110 INT. SPINAL CORD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sally hurries into the corridor, heads toward the ward where she is stopped by a security guard, MASON.

MASON
I'm sorry, Miss. The ward is closed.

SALLY
I work here, Sally Hayne.

MASON
It's three in the morning, Miss Hayne.

SALLY
(going past him)
Of course it is. And, by the way, it's Mrs. Hayne.

Mason shrugs as Sally enters the ward.

111 INT. SPINAL CORD WARD - NIGHT

The men are asleep. Sally heads for Luke's bed; it is empty. She stands there for a beat, gets a thought and goes off toward the private rooms. Nearing the one he was confined to earlier, she slowly opens the door.

112 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Sally sticks her head into the room.

112 CONTINUED:

SALLY
(quietly)
Luke?

VOICE
Sally?

SALLY
(starts to enter)
Oh; Luke, what...

VOICE
This is Bozo, Luke's next door.

SALLY
(stops, backs out)
I'm sorry, Bozo...

BOZO
That's okay, any time.

She closes the door.

113 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sally crosses to the next private room. A sign reading "No Visitors" is tacked to the door. She again opens the door slowly.

114 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark; light leaks in from the hallway.

SALLY
(quietly)
Luke?

LUKE
(excited, on a high)
Hey, Sally, you missed it! It was fantastic! The best goddamn day of my life! Christ, there were reporters, TV.

Sally enters, closes the door, turns the light on.

SALLY
(interrupts)
... Are you hurt? I saw on television...

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

LUKE
I'm feeling great! Those stupid bastards didn't even have enough guts to arrest me! You should of been there!

SALLY
(looking around room)
Where's your chair?

LUKE
They took it away. They're trying to isolate me. Fuck 'em! Jesus, I never thought it would come off so good. Even people came in from the outside. We made such a fucking stink about this place, the VA is having fits!

Sally takes his clothes from the closet and tosses them to him.

SALLY
Shut up and put your pants on. I'm going to liberate some wheels.

LUKE
(removing gown)
Bender, you get a gold star! King size!

She starts to leave the room.

LUKE
Hey!

Sally stops in the doorway.

LUKE
(motions to her bra)
What are you doin' wearing those things again?

She smiles at him, exits.

115 EXT. REAR ENTRANCE - SPINAL CORD BUILDING - NIGHT

The door knob on the rear door jiggles; the door does not budge. We HEAR a SLIDE BOLT BEING UNLATCHED, then the door is flung open as Sally and Luke make their escape. Luke does a wheelie down the ramp.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

LUKE
I'm free!!

Sally runs to keep up with him as they both hurry toward the Porsche.

116 INT. BATHROOM - SALLY'S BEACH HOUSE - DAWN

Water runs in the tub, foaming with bubble bath. Sally struggles with the bathroom door, reaches up, trying to remove the pin from the upper hinge.

SALLY
Anyway, it seemed to get better, I mean, at least we were able to talk some...
(removes door, sets it aside)
There, you can make it now.

LUKE
(moves into bathroom, takes off shoes)
Did you like Hong Kong?

SALLY
(back into bathroom)
Hong Kong was unbelievable -- I've never seen anything like it. But our relationship was a bit strained...

LUKE
(takes off shirt)
I believe it -- I'd believe anything that comes out of Nam.
(unbuckles belt)
We have bigger guns, but they have whole families sitting around at night rigging booby traps. They don't want us there. I think they'll get us out...

SALLY
(leans toward him)
Do you want some help with your pants?

LUKE
I'm okay. Why don't you just face the other way for a minute, okay?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

SALLY
Oh, c'mon, Luke. I'm practically a nurse. I know all about...

LUKE
(interrupts)
It's not so much your problem as it is mine, please...

She turns away as Luke pulls off his pants.

LUKE
It's a dumb fucking war. We're foreigners there, Sally, we're destroying their culture, splitting up their families, killing their people -- for what?

He starts into tub.

SALLY
You'd just let the Communists take over, right? Do we just lie down and give up? Jesus, Luke.

LUKE
It should never come to that... Oops, slippery.

SALLY
(starts to help)
Do you want...

LUKE
(interrupts)
No! I'll tell you when...

SALLY
(she turns away)
You sound like an idealistic seventeen-year-old.

LUKE
You can turn around now...
(grabbing edge of tub)
No balance -- I need a backrest. Roll up a towel.

SALLY
(comes to tub)
I'll do it.

She reaches behind him, supports his back.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

LUKE
I don't know. At first I tried to waste every VC in sight; I wound up offering the ones we captured cigarettes and food... I don't know -- I thought I was doing the right thing, but I felt I wasn't... Some guys never do get straightened around...

SALLY
(soaps his back with a free hand)
Well... I think a person could get 'straightened around' and still believe in what his country is doing.

LUKE
I guess so, some do. Not me. Not now.

SALLY
What you did at the VA, the protest, weren't you fighting for what you believed? Wasn't that a war? In a way?

LUKE
(a long beat)
... It's that streak of John Wayne in me, sometimes I can't control it.

117 INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Luke sits on the beanbag chair in front of the fire. Sally sits on the floor beside him. They share a joint.

LUKE
... It got so I couldn't take her pity -- I had to ask her not to come around. Once she said, 'Luke, if I could only give you my legs...' Jesus! I told her, 'Mom, I don't want your goddamn legs...'

SALLY
Hmmm... my mother always wanted my legs...

LUKE
(looks at her, smiles)
I'd say she had damn good taste...

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

SALLY
Sure, she had good taste, she was a lady. She did all the right things, joined the P.T.A., chaperoned the dances, cried at my wedding, she had life down to a science...

LUKE
That's a hard way to live...

SALLY
By the book -- I guess I followed in her footsteps... accept everything that comes along with a number four smile -- there's a different smile for every emotion, number four is the best all-around. You use it when your body is being wrenched apart inside. It's great...

LUKE
Let's see it.

Sally turns to him slowly, smiles blankly at him.

LUKE
(winces)
That's horrible.

SALLY
(relaxes)
I know -- I'm throwing it out -- I'm throwing out the whole repertoire...

She moves closer to him, leans against the beanbag.

SALLY
(looks out at the daybreak)
... God, I couldn't tell you if it was sunrise or sunset...

LUKE
Tired?

SALLY
Wiped out...

He reaches down, touches her, softly massages her shoulders... She moves closer to him, puts her arm around his legs and holds them tightly...

118 INT. BEACH HOUSE - BACK BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The SURF is HEARD in the distance. Sally and Luke are in bed, making love. There is a warmth and tenderness in Sally's love-making with Luke, unlike her rough and tumble sex play with Bob. Luke is intimate, caring, yet a but uncertain...

LUKE
... I'm not sure...

SALLY
... Don't worry...

LUKE
... I never know...

SALLY
... You're beautiful, Luke... beautiful...

They continue to explore, caress each other...

119 EXT. SPECIALIZED AUTO GARAGE - DAY

Luke is picking up a Ford Shelby fitted with hand controls. Sally, her hair frizzy and dressed more casual then we have seen her, watches as Luke transfers into the driver's seat.

LUKE
You asked me what three things shaped the American character, I'd say slavery, the six-shooter and the automobile...

SALLY
Where does sex come in?

LUKE
In the back seat.

120 INT. LUKE'S SHELBY - DAY

Luke drives, Sally looks out at the ocean.

LUKE
This is great! Damn, it's just great!

SALLY
(smiles, turns to him)
Welcome to rush hours and traffic jams.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

LUKE
(leans head out window, shouts)
Hellooo, America!
(pulls head in, turns to Sally)
They'd better prepare themselves, 'cause here comes Luke!

121 INT. BEACH HOUSE - BACK BEDROOM - DAY

Vi helps Sally hang a mirror behind Luke's bed.

SALLY
He has to examine himself for bedsores, he can't feel them. They all have mirrors beside their beds.

VI
I didn't ask.

122 INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

There is scattered applause as a Marine Corps Recruiter, in dress uniform, walks back to a seat on the stage. A gangling youth, BENNY, steps to the microphone.

BENNY
And now, to present a different perspective, is Luke Martin, a combat veteran of the Marine Corps.

There is polite applause as Luke, a peace symbol on his T-shirt, wheels to the mike. Benny lowers it for him. Luke smiles at the audience, looks back to the Marine recruiter.

LUKE
(turns to audience)
Would you believe I used to look like that?

There is laughter from the kids.

123 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Luke is outside the entrance, rapping to a group of students.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

Sally stands in the b.g., watching.

LUKE
I wasn't trying to tell you what to do. I was just relating my feelings. And I want you to know that you do have a choice!

A student, RONNIE, disagrees with Luke.

RONNIE
Oh, yeah, leave the country or go to jail!

LUKE
That's the last resort -- but I tell you, I would give it very serious consideration -- It's your life, man...

124 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Two men, out of place in the area, stroll down the alley and glance at Sally. She is reading the mail as Luke rolls down a ramp that has been fitted over the front steps. He stops as he sees her with the letter. She looks over to him...

SALLY
It's from Cathy. She wants me to start a gossip column for the paper.
(tears letter in half)
Who needs that?
(crosses to Luke)
How about a walk?

LUKE
(smiles)
Sure...

They head off down the alley.

125 INT. VI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment has been fixed up -- curtains, freshly painted, etc. Vi, Sally and Luke sit around, half-stoned and giggly, eating tacos and drinking Carta Blanca.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

VI
(to Luke)
... He'd call you a hippie faggot. He'd hate you...

SALLY
Dink's definitely not your run-of-the-mill flower child, kind of rough around the edges...

VI
Yeah... Y'know, I really miss the little grunt...

LUKE
(raises beer)
Let's drink to Dink.

SALLY
(also lifts beer)
A guy for Vi.

The three clink their beer cans.

VI
A toast to the host, not here for a beer, defending America's last frontier...
(pauses)
... If that fucker sends me an ear...

Sally and Luke break up as they drink their Carta Blanca.

126 INT. LUKE'S SHELBY - PARKED - DAY

Sally is alone in the Shelby, reading. She checks her watch, takes a deep breath, puts on a floppy hat and sunglasses, takes a bag from the floor and gets out of the car.

127 EXT. MARINE BASE - DAY

Sally hurries from the car to a gathering of anti-war demonstrators marching back and forth in front of the entrance. Luke is among them, holding a sign reading, "VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR." She comes to him, hands him the bag.

SALLY
Here's your lunch.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

LUKE
Good -- hold the sign while I eat, okay?

SALLY
(backing away)
Oh, shit, no.

LUKE
C'mon, Bender, for Christ sakes -- I can't do both...

SALLY
(looking around)
I've got to get back to the car...

LUKE
Oh, Jesus, your mother wouldn't even recognize you...
(hands her the sign)
... It'll just be a minute...

Sally glares at Luke, then pulls her hat down further, takes the sign, stands frozen.

LUKE
Walk around with them, you'll blend in with the crowd.

Sally hesitates, then joins the protestors as Luke eats a sandwich.

128 EXT. BEACH HOUSE ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

Luke's Shelby is parked in the alley. Sally pulls her Porsche into the garage, gets out with a load of groceries, checks the mailbox.

129 EXT. BEACH HOUSE PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Luke is watching two men in business suits walk by the house.

SALLY (O.S.)
Luke! Open the door!

He wheels around, goes inside.

130 INT. BEACH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Luke crosses to the door, opens it for Sally.

SALLY
(enters with groceries)
Thanks...
(heads toward kitchen)
I got a couple of papayas, they look great...

Luke follows her into the kitchen, hands her an open envelope.

LUKE
... A letter from Bob...

SALLY
(taking letter)
He's okay! Thank God...

LUKE
I opened it. He's coming home.

SALLY
Is something...?

LUKE
Nothing heavy. He got shot in the foot. Read it.

Luke looks away as Sally reads the letter. It is obviously terse, no more than Luke had said. Sally folds it, looks at Luke.

SALLY
(shudders)
I'm cold. Let's build a fire.

131 INT. BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sally comes into the room carrying a blanket. Luke is in bed.

SALLY
Do you mind an extra blanket tonight?

LUKE
No, it's okay...

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

SALLY
... Are you sure?

LUKE
I'm sure.

Sally spreads out the blanket, adjusts the bottom edge while Luke straightens out the top. She gets into bed, next to Luke but not touching him. They lie with their eyes open, neither speaking.

132 INT. BACK BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Luke and Sally are back to back. The blanket is mussed from sleeplessness. They are both awake, unable to sleep, unable to share what they are feeling.

133 INT. BACK BEDROOM - DAWN

Early morning grey is SEEN through the window. Luke and Sally are still awake, the blanket wrinkled and half off the bed. They are motionless, Luke lying on his back and Sally on her side, facing away from him. After some time, Luke slowly turns his head, looks at her for a moment, then reaches out and touches her. He moves his hand along the contours of her back, her shoulder, her arm. Sally responds, turns to him. They are apart for a few moments, lightly stroking each other's bodies. Then Luke pulls her close to him, and, with a feeling of urgency, they begin to make love.

134 INT. BACK BEDROOM - MORNING

Sally awakens with the sun in her eyes, disoriented from lack of sleep. She turns over and sits up. Luke has gone. The room has been cleared of all evidence of his presence except for the mirror.

135 EXT. BEACH HOUSE ALLEY - MORNING

Sally, in robe, comes out of the house and down the ramp. Luke's car is gone. Vi passes, coming from the mailbox, an open letter in her hand.

VI
He left early...
(motions to letter)
Dink says Bob's coming home.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

SALLY

Yeah...

VI

Want a cup of coffee?

Sally nods, she and Vi go off toward Vi's apartment.

136 EXT. AIR TERMINAL - DAY

Coffins are being unloaded from one section of a plane, injured Marines come out of a forward exit. Sally stands waiting for Bob. She spots him, waves, yells and runs to meet him. Bob has a cane, is limping only slightly as he gets off the plane. Sally grabs him with a big open smile...

SALLY

Bob!!!

BOB

(pulls back, looks at her)

What the hell did you do to your hair?

SALLY

It's a natural! How do you like it?

BOB

(glances around, distracted)

Where's the demonstration? The asshole that briefed us...

SALLY

They're out at the gate, they can't get on Base.

(leads him to the Porsche)

What do you think?

BOB

About what?

SALLY

(motions to car)

The Speedster -- it's ours.

Sally hands Bob the keys and he grins, for a moment shaking off the vague sense of depression which seems to preoccupy him.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

BOB
(as he checks it out)
Outstanding! Absolutely outstanding!
... What do we have in the bank?

SALLY
You know me and bank statements...

They get into the car.

137 EXT. AIR TERMINAL GATE - DAY

The Porsche passes a small group of anti-war demonstrators.

138 INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Sally raises two fingers in the peace sign as they pass. Bob laughs.

BOB
Would you believe I'm carrying a revolver? Some cats have grenades...
(gives peace sign)
Peace on you, too, brother.

139 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Bob pushes the Speedster to its limit as he takes a cloverleaf curve up onto the freeway.

140 INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Sally laughs with Bob as they level out on the freeway.

BOB
A little tail drift.

SALLY
Is driving okay for your foot?

BOB
I'll tell you about my foot later. I'm cars now!

He cuts through traffic into the fast lane and opens the car up. Sally watches curiously.

141 EXT. BEACH HOUSE ALLEY - DAY

Bob pulls the Porsche carefully into the garage. As he gets out, he looks around, turns to Sally.

BOB
Is this a joke?

SALLY
No joke...

BOB
You never told me you were this close to the beach.

SALLY
I wanted it to be a surprise.

BOB
(looks her over, her hair, her clothes)
You're full of surprises.

SALLY
(heads for front door)
It's the new style now -- more comfortable, too...

She leads him to the door, a bit unsure of herself and of Bob.

142 INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The house is decorated with streamers and a "WELCOME HOME, BOB" sign, taped to the sliding glass doors. Vi stands waiting with a tray of chilled martinis. Sally opens the door, stands back for Bob to see the house.

VI
Welcome back, hero!

BOB
(enters)
Hey, Vi. How you doing?

VI
Great. How's my husband?

She hands him a martini, kisses him. Sally enters, takes a martini.

BOB
Old Dink's doing okay. Whipping everybody's ass.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

SALLY
(puts arms around Bob)
Are you hungry?

BOB
Thirsty. Powerful thirst.

VI
I made Swedish meatballs to nibble on. They go good with drinking.

SALLY
Do you like the place?

BOB
How's the surf?

SALLY
Super down by the pier.

VI
Tell us about your foot.

BOB
(finishes martini)
I'm a fucking hero. I'm going to get a medal -- that's what happened to my goddam foot...
(turns to Vi)
How about a refill...

VI
(heads for the pitcher)
Sure, I made gallons. But we still want to hear about your foot.

BOB
Well, I was running down the road on the way to the showers, nothing but a towel around my waist, with my M16 and this bandolier...

VI
(pouring him drink)
To go to the shower?

BOB
Baby, we carried our M16's even when we went to pee....
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2)

BOB (CONT'D)
There I was, trucking on down to the showers, plentifully fucked up on Thai weed and local brew when by the grace of God I tripped and fucking near shot my foot off...

VI
Dink coulda thought of that.

SALLY
How does the medal fit in?

BOB
I'm going to get decorated because the Colonel doesn't want the truth about fragging to come out...

VI
Fragging?

BOB
Yeah, that's killing your own officers, baby, how about that? Fuck it, where's the head?

SALLY
(motions)
Through the bedroom...

As Bob exits, Sally and Vi exchange bewildered looks. Bob comes back immediately.

BOB
(as he returns)
Listen, I promised to have a drink with a guy from Nam at the Officers' Club. I'll be back for dinner, okay?

Bob goes out of the house, closing the door on Vi and Sally.

143 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Sally and Vi share a joint in the darkness. The TV flickers inside the house. The STONES PLAY on the STEREO. They both turn as they hear hot TIRES and a CRUNCH of METAL.

SALLY
I think he's home...

144 EXT. BEACH HOUSE ALLEY - NIGHT

Bob is examining the front fender of the Speedster, caved in where he hit the side of the garage. The two uniformed Marines with him are laughing at his attempts to pull it straight. BRICK, a Sergeant, is a baby-faced man with a skimpy blond moustache. DICKIE, a Corporal, seems permanently quizzical, as though trying to remember something. All three are drunk. Bob looks up to see Sally and Vi in the lights of the car.

BOB
Fucked up the fender...

BRICK
(laughing)
He said, 'It's a fucking ambush!'

DICKIE
(laughing with him)
'Booby trapped the fucking garage!'

Sally leans down to look at the fender...

BOB
Hey, kid, these guys are Brick and Dickie, we met on the plane. This is Sally... and Vi.

Sally looks up, nods...

BOB
You got enough? I had to invite them -- they're orphans...

They all think that this is very funny. Sally rises, angry, but holding it in.

VI
There's plenty. Sally and I won't eat, that's all.

BOB
She's Mobley's girl. You know?

BRICK
Oh, yeah?

VI
You'd better believe it, old buddy.

BRICK
Who's Mobley?

A second car roars past the garage. The three yell and run into the alley. The car backs up and parks. Three more drunken Marines, all NCO's, climb out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
I didn't invite them. I don't even know who they are. Who are you, Larkin?

This is the topper, Brick repeats it. They all are laughing. Bob puts his arms around Sally.

BOB
God's truth, I didn't invite them. You don't mind, though, they brought booze.
(turns)
Didn't you bring booze?

SALLY
(resigned, turns to Vi)
Well, I guess we're having a party. If you get a pizza, I'll make a salad.

145 INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Sally is making a salad. Bob, Dickie and two others are on the porch drinking and laughing. Brick has passed out in front of the fire. BUDDY, a very young Marine, stands watching Sally.

BUDDY
I appreciate this, ma'am. I wish you'd let me do something...

SALLY
Start washing glasses. We're running out.

Buddy starts washing. Vi arrives with the pizza.

146 INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

The music has stopped, the dishes are stacked in the kitchen and the Marines have gone. Sally is alone in the living room, angrily tearing down the streamers from the ceiling. She throws them away, and her anger turns to deep hurt as she slowly takes down the "Welcome Home" sign. Nearing tears, she folds it up and puts it into the trash.

147 INT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bob is in bed, his clothes scattered across the floor.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

Sally enters.

SALLY
(wanting to talk)
Are you asleep?

Bob grunts, turns over. Sally dumps his clothes in the hamper, sits on the side of the bed, looks at Bob. She leans over to straighten the covers, stops abruptly when she sees a pistol under his pillow. She draws back, feeling frightened and alone. Sally rises, starts to undress, unable to take her eyes off of Bob.

148 EXT. BAYVIEW APARTMENTS - DAY

A modest apartment building. Sally drives up, parks in front. She gets out of the Porsche carrying Luke's mirror, enters building.

149 EXT. APARTMENT POOL AREA - DAY

Sally walks through, knocks on the door of a ground floor apartment. Luke opens the door.

LUKE
(surprised)
Hey, how're you doing?
(rolls back)
C'mon in.

SALLY
You forgot your mirror...

LUKE
Yeah...

Sally, feeling awkward, enters the apartment.

150 INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is outfitted for a para. Books and notepads are piled on a desk. Activist posters are on the walls. Sally sets the mirror down, looks around the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY
Looks like you've been keeping busy...

LUKE
I have. There's a lot going on... How'd you find me?

SALLY
Bozo... How've you been?

LUKE
Pretty good... Very good, actually ... I've given a couple of talks, done a fair amount of reading. We're planning a big demonstration Saturday... How about you? How's Bob?

SALLY
Okay. Y'know, there's adjustments and all...

LUKE
Yeah, I'm going through the same thing. I haven't lived alone in a long time -- but I like it, it's a good feeling...

SALLY
Yeah...

LUKE
Would you like some coffee or anything?

SALLY
(looks at watch, smiles)
You know how it is with schedules...

LUKE
(a beat)
Maybe some other time?

SALLY
(starts for door)
Sure -- I'll give you a call...

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (2)

LUKE
I'll be around...

SALLY
(as she leaves)
Okay... See you.

LUKE
(wheels to door)
Right...

He watches Sally as she walks away.

151 INT. MARINE BASE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

An informal ceremony is in progress. A Marine COLONEL is presenting medals to Bob and two other Marine OFFICERS. Sally stands to one side of the office alongside families of the other Marines. Bob's face is tight as the Colonel presents the medal.

COLONEL
Captain Robert Harrel Hayne, on orders of the Commander In Chief of the Armed Forces, it is my honor and privilege to present you...

152 INT. OFFICERS' CLUB - EVENING

An evening at the Officers' Club. In a room in the b.g. officers' wives sit around a table playing cards. Bob is at the bar with Cathy. Earl has Sally cornered at a side of the room.

EARL
Christ, a decoration's like money in the bank -- like a high Nielson rating or making All-American. It's money in the bank. It's a chance...

Sally is not listening, watching Bob.

SALLY
(interrupts)
Excuse me, Earl.

EARL
Sure...

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

Sally goes through the crowd to Bob at the bar. He is drinking a double martini as he talks to Cathy.

SALLY
(puts a hand on his shoulder)
I'm ready whenever you are...

He turns, seems genuinely pleased to see her.

BOB
Yeah, good idea...

CATHY
(looks Sally over)
Going back to the commune?

SALLY
Anywhere... I'd just like to be with Bob...

The bartender arrives with two more martinis, looks at Bob questioningly. Bob takes both glasses and hands one to Sally, turns to the bartender.

BOB
Bring Mrs. Delise another, okay?

CATHY
(nudges Sally)
You'd better drive...

Sally nods as they leave the club.

153 INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Bob driving, Sally letting the wind blow through her hair.

BOB
You want to go to the Raft?

SALLY
No -- no more drinking -- let's just drive -- it's a beautiful night...

BOB
(looks at her)
You're a beautiful woman...

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Porsche is parked. Bob and Sally climb down a bluff to the sand. Barefoot, they walk for a while, then Sally turns to him.

SALLY
Have you thought any more about the Corps?

BOB
All the time...

SALLY
Did you make up your mind? Are you going to stay, or leave, or what?

BOB
I don't want to talk about that...

SALLY
(piqued)
Well, what do you want to talk about?

Bob wheels and grabs her. They fall to the sand, entangled -- the boozy rough and tumble sex play they have enjoyed in the past. Sally goes along with him to a certain point -- but now, instead of accepting the pain, she expresses her feelings.

SALLY
Stop, Bob! Goddammit, that hurts!

On impulse, Bob yanks her up and slaps her hard across the mouth. Sally spins backward into the sand. Bob is about to continue when he stops short, realizes what he has done...

BOB
(bending down)
Hey... God, I didn't mean... I'm sorry... Jesus...

Sally turns away, gets up slowly, holding her mouth and brushing away the sand.

SALLY
I'm going home...

She heads back toward the car. Bob slowly follows.

155 INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

ROCK MUSIC BLARES inside the house. Brick is opening beers while Dickie fries eggs. They are now wearing civvies. SHAD, a newcomer, is a First Lieutenant in uniform. He is heavy-eyed and bald, smokes grass from an ornate pipe. The door opens, Sally enters, followed by Bob. Shad jumps to his feet, grins widely, revealing several missing teeth.

SHAD
Hey, you ever-loving-mother-fucking fucker!

Bob embraces him. They kiss, pound each other, then Bob turns to Sally.

BOB
You see this miserable turd? I love this man better than a fucking mother!

SALLY
I'm going to bed, Bob.

BOB
Sure...

Bob hugs Shad again. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Sally as she goes to the front bedroom.

BOB (O.S.)
When'd you split?

SHAD
Take a hit of this Thai soaked in opium. I brought two kilos back...

Sally disappears as she slams the bedroom door.

156 INT. BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Brick has passed out on a shag rug, his head in his own dried vomit. Sally rolls him over with her foot.

SALLY
Get up and get out. You'll be late to school...

Brick pulls himself together, grunts what might be an apology, decides against trying to placate Sally and stumbles toward the door. Sally makes a face and starts to roll up the rug.

157 EXT. BEACH HOUSE ALLEY - DAY

The rug is draped over a clothesline. Sally is angrily hosing down the beanbag, trying to wash away the ugly mess of spilled food and wine. Vi comes down the alley.

VI
Who barfed? Brick? Brick's a barfer. I can spot 'em...
(starts for garage)
Lemme borrow your hammer, huh?

SALLY
Brick's a bore. An over-aged high school clown. I am so fucking sick of waking up in the morning to find that baby face snoring up at me from under tables and chairs...

Vi continues on into the garage to search for the hammer. Sally turns off the hose, goes into the garage. Vi is looking into a large metal locker.

VI
Do you know what your husband is planning to do with this little arsenal here?

For the first time, obviously, Sally looks into the locker. She is stunned by the cache of weapons and ammo.

SALLY
Jesus! Don't you think that's a little weird?

VI
They're all on tilt, haven't you figured that out?

Vi exits the garage. Sally stands looking into the locker.

158 INT. VA MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

Sally follows Dr. Ring past the tinted windows of the maximum security ward.

DR. RING
Frankly, I don't know whether you should be alarmed for your husband or not, Mrs. Hayne. The secret cache of weapons is disturbing, I suppose, but not that uncommon, believe me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

DR. RING (CONT'D)
Some of my colleagues feel there is a specific Post-Vietnam Syndrome. I don't reject the possibility. I don't know what to suggest positively.

SALLY
Whatever it is, it's getting to be too much for me. Can anything be done to help?

DR. RING
I believe there are group therapy sessions being organized for Vietnam veterans, I'm not sure. Or if your husband would call me, I will try to find time for a consultation. Beyond that, I don't know.

Dr. Ring enters maximum security ward. Sally starts back toward the elevator.

159 EXT. MARINE BASE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

The Porsche, top up, is parked in front of the building. Cathy comes to the car, reaches in window.

160 INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Sally is in passenger seat, deep in thought, looks up as Cathy appears.

CATHY
(startled to see Sally)
Oh!... Hi...
(she reaches into glove compartment)
I left my cigarette case in here last night...

Sally is silent as Cathy looks through the compartment, finds the case.

CATHY
You know, you're entitled to a roll in the hay with Earl if you're interested...

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

SALLY
Did I win a lottery?

CATHY
I made it with Bob last night. Turnabout's fair play.

Sally says nothing, stares at Cathy.

CATHY
I thought he might of mentioned it...

SALLY
... No...

CATHY
Well... He's pretty fucked up, isn't he?
(starts to leave)
See you Thursday...

Cathy waves as she goes off. Sally turns away, puts her hands in the coat pockets, scoots down in the seat, wishes she were invisible.

161 EXT. MARINE BASE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Bob comes out of the doorway, a manila envelope under his arm. He stops, looks off, starts away, heads for the Porsche.

162 INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Bob climbs in, his mind elsewhere, hardly aware of Sally. She looks at him, starts to speak, realizes she is about to cry, decides to wait. Bob starts the car, turns the RADIO too loud, flips the top down and pulls away, driving too fast. Sally wipes her eyes, blows her nose, glances at Bob sharply. Bob stops abruptly for a light.

BOB
Who's Luke Martin?

Sally turns down the radio to give herself time to breathe.

SALLY
The paraplegic I wrote you about. He rented the back room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
Yeah, well, a friend of mine from intelligence gave me this file... seems they've had your friend under surveillance...

The light changes and Bob takes off again. Sally looks at the envelope without opening it, then looks back.

BOB
They had our place bugged. He gave me some tapes, pictures and all that shit. It's all in there. I don't know if -- you want it? I haven't got any fucking use for it...

SALLY
The bastards... Those lousy bastards... I suppose they played them for you?

Bob nods. His knuckles are tight on the wheel as he races to pass a trio of bearded bikers. Sally waits till the ROAR of the MOTORCYCLES FADES. She folds the envelope, tries to force it into the glove compartment but cannot.

SALLY
This is kind of ironic. But that only confuses things now. Bob, I'd like to say this, though. I'm not ashamed. Of anything that happened...

BOB
Oh, Christ -- let's not -- let's skip the bullshit.

SALLY
I just want you to know. I'm not making excuses.

BOB
Look, we're both grown up. At least we know the score. I feel pretty fucking shitty.

SALLY
Well, sure.

BOB
Sure I do. Those maggots, what kind of degenerate turds?... But, what the fuck, I'm no saint.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
Cathy told me.

A HORN BLASTS them and a Corvette starts to pass. Bob glances over his shoulder...

BOB
Fuck you!

... racing the Corvette to prevent it from passing. Sally tenses uneasily. The Corvette drops behind. Bob laughs.

BOB
I love this car...

SALLY
Are you finished? I mean, end of conversation? If you want to drop the subject for a while -- or forever -- that's okay...
(waits, then)
If you hate me, never want to see me again -- well, I guess that's cool, too -- but what? You know? Where does it stand? What's wrong? Are we ever going to be able to talk to each other?

Bob turns off the freeway, slowing as they turn toward the beach. He shifts down, driving almost too slow for safety, trying to examine his own detached reaction.

BOB
Shit, I don't know. I don't know what's wrong. I just haven't been able to make it with you. It doesn't work, that's all.

One wheel drifts off onto the shoulder. Sally reaches for the steering wheel but Bob has already straightened the car, continuing as though nothing had happened.

BOB
It's not me. What I mean is I'm not impotent, I know that much. Well, you know that...
(laughs, embarrassed)
It's something else...

SALLY
Yeah, I know...
(regrets instantly)
Sorry. I didn't mean that. I just feel lousy. About everything.

163 EXT. BEACH HOUSE ALLEY - DAY

Bob pulls up without turning into the garage.

BOB
I think he has a right to know about the fucking surveillance... I should probably give him this shit. I'd rather talk to him alone unless you object...

SALLY
I don't object...
(gets out of car)
... Do you know where he lives?

BOB
(motions to envelope)
... They do...

Sally watches as Bob drives off.

164 EXT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - SWIMMING POOL - AFTERNOON 164

Luke is in his wheelchair, reading by the pool. Bob comes from the front, crosses and stands facing Luke.

BOB
You Luke Martin?

LUKE
That depends.

BOB
I'm Bob Hayne.

LUKE
Pull up a chair. I prefer my dialogue face to face.

BOB
(still standing)
So do I.

LUKE
My neck gets tired looking up like this.

Bob laughs, pulls up a canvas chair and sits facing the pool beside Luke. They both watch two girls in bikinis dive into the pool. Bob hands Luke the manila envelope.

BOB
I talked to Sally about this.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D)
I thought you had a right to know about it. They were watching the house. Those are the tapes and all that. I got it from Intelligence. I don't know who all was involved. I don't particularly care. I'm not political much. One way or the other. But I hate the fuckers for this.

LUKE
That's political.

BOB
Maybe. I don't know.

LUKE
Thanks.

BOB
What the hell.

They watch the two girls climb out of the pool and dry themselves. Bob rises.

BOB
Well, that's what I came to say. The rest's up to Sally, I guess...

LUKE
Peace, brother.

BOB
I'm for that.

He walks out past the two girls.

165 EXT. BAYVIEW APARTMENT ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Bob stops at a telephone booth and dials.

BOB
Sally? Hi... How're you doin'? I gave Luke the stuff. Anything you need before I come home?

166 EXT. FRONT OF BAYVIEW APARTMENTS - AFTERNOON

Bob starts the Porsche and drives away.

168 EXT. ROADSIDE LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

Bob comes from the store, carrying beer, starts away.

169 EXT. FREEWAY - AFTERNOON

Bob overtakes a pretty girl in a sports car, turns the RADIO up and passes.

169 EXT. ROADSIDE VEGETABLE STAND - LATE AFTERNOON

A thatched roofed, "Fresh Picked" type stand. Bob pays for salad greens, returns to the car.

170 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Bob pulls the Porsche into the garage, stops on a dime, gets out with the groceries.

171 INT. BEACH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The party has already started. TV and STEREO GOING STRONG. Bob's buddies play poker. Sally and Vi in the kitchen, making spaghetti. Bob enters, goes directly to the counter, sets the bags down. Sally, seeing a stiffness in Bob, is concerned.

SALLY
Are you all right?

BOB
I'm fine.

SALLY
I want to know what happened with Luke.

BOB
(takes six-pack out of bag)
It went well.

He goes off to the poker game with the beer.

SALLY
It went well?
(turns to Vi)
That's great -- it went well...

VI
He has a way with words...

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

Bob stands almost at attention, opening each can with exactness and setting it down with a formality in front of each player. When finished, he stands at the window, looking out. In the kitchen, Sally and Vi go back to cooking the spaghetti.

SALLY
(to Vi quietly)
I'm getting so fucking sick of this...

VI
You wanna stay with me for a while, babe?

SALLY
I don't know, Vi... I don't know...
(she turns)
Bob, would you get this trash...?

Sally looks around, doesn't see Bob...

SALLY
Where'd he go?

VI
Maybe the john...

SALLY
(calls to card players)
Did you guys see where Bob went?

Nobody answers.

SALLY
Fuck him. I'll do it myself...
(gives Vi spoon)
Keep stirring, huh?

Sally picks up trash, goes out.

172 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Sally takes trash into garage, notices the Porsche is gone. She empties the garbage into a can, stands alone for a moment, wrapping her arms around herself to keep warm. She looks over to the locker where she saw the cache, slowly opens it. The cache is depleted. Weapons and ammunition are missing. Only a rifle and pistol remain. Sally stands looking in for a beat, suddenly is very frightened.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

She runs out of the garage, calling as she runs toward the house.

SALLY
Vi! Vi!...

173 EXT. SECLUDED AREA OFF HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The Porsche, top up, is parked. An M16, a .45 automatic pistol and bandoliers of ammunition are laid out on the hood of the car. Bob is putting on camouflaged combat fatigues, a "Tiger Suit." His civilian clothing is folded neatly, put in a small bundle next to the weapons.

174 INT. BEACH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Sally is on the phone. Vi stands in the kitchen, anxious, her eyes on Sally. The poker game goes on in the b.g. as Sally speaks...

SALLY
(into the phone)
It's like a nightmare -- I just don't know what he's going to do...

175 INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Luke wheels to the door as he talks to Sally.

LUKE
(locking door)
Call the police, that's all you can do...

INTERCUT.

SALLY
Oh shit, Luke! I can't call them!

LUKE
Then I'll do it -- you sit tight, they'll send somebody over...

Luke hangs up, starts to redial...

LUKE
Hang up, goddammit!

SALLY
(still on phone)
Let me know...

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

LUKE
(interrupts)
I will -- now hang up...

Luke hangs up, listens for dial tone, calls police.

176 INT. BEACH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Sally grips the telephone receiver tightly on its cradle. Vi comes to her, puts an arm on her shoulder. The poker players explode in laughter as a beer is spilled. Sally whips around, furious...

SALLY
Get out of my house! All of you!

They look around at her, smiling.

SHAD
Aw shit, Sally, it's only a beer...

SALLY
Out! You assholes! You stupid motherfuckers, get out of my house! Now!!!

The smiles fade and the men get up to leave.

177 EXT. BRUSH-COVERED HILLSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

Bob, carrying the M16, the .45 in its holster and the bandoliers over his shoulders, runs TOWARD CAMERA. He finds cover, crouches, looks off.

178 BOB'S POV

The vegetable stand Bob stopped at earlier is across the road. A county Fire Department pickup truck pulls up and parks. Two firemen, dressed in work clothes, get out and enter the stand.

179 EXT. BRUSH-COVERED HILLSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

Bob checks his rifle, then rises and runs, zigzag style down the hill, across the street and flattens himself against the side of the fire truck.

180 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON

A third fireman, MITCHELL, who has been slouched in the seat, reacts to the movement and looks out the window, sees Bob sprint from behind the truck and into the vegetable stand.

181 INT. VEGETABLE STAND - LATE AFTERNOON

A BEARDED MAN and a WOMAN are the owners. The two firemen are looking through the boxes of produce when Bob appears, waving the M16, and shouting orders in Vietnamese, the four turn to Bob, don't move.

BOB
(in English)
In the dirt!

FIREMAN
Hey, c'mon...

BOB
In the dirt! Drop!!

The firemen raise their hands, fall to the ground. Bob points the rifle at the Man and woman.

BOB
You too! On your stomachs!

BEARDED MAN
(terrified)
Take the money, man... take the money...

Bob steps forward, cracks the Man across the side of the head with the butt of the rifle. He falls, the woman quickly drops to her stomach.

BOB
Don't fucking move!

Bob suddenly freezes as a VOICE is HEARD over a RADIO...

RADIO VOICE
... This is Unit Nineteen... We're on State Eleven a half mile south of the freeway...

As the VOICE CONTINUES, Bob realizes it is coming from a walkie-talkie one of the firemen has clipped to his waist. Bob spins around, looks out to the truck...

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

RADIO VOICE
There might be a holdup out here... The man looks like a soldier, has a rifle, he's got two of our men inside...

Bob sees Mitchell in the truck, speaking into microphone. He FIRES a BURST from the M16. The RADIO GOES SILENT.

182 INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

A policeman, HUSTEDT, hangs up the phone.

HUSTEDT
(to Luke)
They've found him...

LUKE
Has his wife been notified?

HUSTEDT
She's on her way.

183 EXT. HIGHWAY ADJACENT TO STAND - DUSK

Some police cars are there, others are arriving. All are positioned a distance from the stand.

184 INT. VEGETABLE STAND - DUSK

The woman and three men are stripped to their underwear, hands tied behind, with one length of twine looped around each of their necks, linking the four together. They stand near the rear doorway as Bob lights his Zippo, puts it to the thatched wall. Bob, his rifle in one hand and the fireman's walkie-talkie in the other, pushes his prisoners out the rear door as the stand begins to burn.

185 EXT. HIGHWAY ADJACENT TO STAND - EVENING

Two more police cars arrive as the stand burns in the b.g. Sally gets out of one of the squad cars and a police lieutenant, JOHNS, approaches her.

LT. JOHNS
(holding walkie-talkie)
Mrs. Hayne? I'm Lieutenant Johns.

SALLY
Are you sure it's my husband?

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

LT. JOHNS
It's him...

BOB'S VOICE
(over walkie-talkie)
Mobley?... Jennings?... Williams?...

186 EXT. GULLY - EVENING

Bob has his rifle trained on his four prisoners as he speaks into the walkie-talkie.

BOB
(into radio)
Where are you, goddamit? Make contact!
(puts radio down)
Those chickenshit assholes!
(to prisoners)
Squat! Squat down!

The four squat as Sally's VOICE comes over the WALKIE-TALKIE.

SALLY'S VOICE
(over radio)
Bob? Bob, this is Sally...

There is no sign of recognition as Bob listens to Sally's voice.

187 EXT. HIGHWAY ADJACENT TO STAND - EVENING

As Sally talks on the radio, Luke is getting out of Hustedt's patrol car in the b.g.

SALLY
(into radio)
Please, Bob... please... come on back... please...

BOB'S VOICE
(over radio)
Fuck you, baby, I'm on to you! I'm on to your tricks, you slope-eyed cunt!

Lt. Johns takes radio from Sally, as Luke wheels up.

LT. JOHNS
(into radio)
Captain Hayne? Captain Hayne? This is Lieutenant Johns.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

SALLY
(turning, sees Luke)
Oh, Luke, Jesus... he thinks he's in combat...

188 EXT. GULLY - EVENING

Bob listens to Johns' voice:

JOHNS' VOICE
(over radio)
We have you surrounded -- Do you understand me?

BOB
(into radio)
Delta Two Actual -- Delta Two Actual -- this is North Tide -- This is North Tide. I need artillery support. There is heavy infiltration in my sector.

189 EXT. AREA ADJACENT TO STAND - EVENING

Lt. Johns turns to another officer as Bob's VOICE CONTINUES.

LT. JOHNS
He won't communicate...

BOB'S VOICE
(over radio)
Give me support -- I need cover. Send it in... There is heavy infiltration... I want artillery...

As Bob's VOICE CONTINUES, Lt. Johns reaches for another radio.

LT. JOHNS
(into second radio)
Walker, do you have a sightline?

190 EXT. EDGE OF GULLY - EVENING

WALKER, a police marksman, aims a rifle with a starlight scope down the gully.

WALKER
(into radio)
Negative -- subject is blocked by hostages.

191 EXT. AREA ADJACENT TO STAND - EVENING

Luke and Sally react to Walker's voice.

LT. JOHNS
(into radio #2)
Maintain contact...

LUKE
Let me try. Let me talk to him.

Johns looks at Luke.

LT. JOHNS
(a pause)
He's got four hostages, he's heavily armed -- I don't want this to get screwed up.

LUKE
Neither do I.

Johns hands the radio to Luke.

LUKE
(into radio)
North Tide -- North Tide -- This is Delta Two Actual.

192 EXT. GULLY - EVENING

Bob listens to Luke's voice.

LUKE'S VOICE
(over radio)
North Tide -- North Tide -- I've sent a patrol to locate you.

Bob keeps his rifle on the prisoners, speaks into radio.

BOB
They've all fucking deserted me... I'm out here alone, my men are gone. Where the fuck's Mobley?

193 EXT. AREA ADJACENT TO STAND - EVENING

Johns, a few policemen and Sally watch as Luke talks...

LUKE
(into radio)
He's okay -- took one in the arm -- Went out on Medivac --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

LUKE (CONT'D)
-- the rest of your men are safe
-- we want to get you out of there...

BOB'S VOICE
(over radio)
But I got prisoners...

LUKE
Bring them in -- HQ needs them for interrogation -- don't harm them -- I need your coordinates. What's your position?

194 EXT. GULLY - EVENING

Bob speaks into walkie-talkie...

BOB
Two, this is North Tide from Ford, up two point three. Right, one point six.

LUKE'S VOICE
(over radio)
I make us out three-quarters of a click, up Blue Line from your stated pos.

BOB
Fuck you, Charlie!!! I've got no map -- that was bullshit, you slope fuck!!!

195 EXT. AREA ADJACENT TO STAND - NIGHT

Sally looks to Luke, reacts to Bob's voice.

LUKE
(into radio)
Okay, man, you're right, no more -- C'mon, brother -- I know where you're at --

196 EXT. GULLY - NIGHT

Bob prods the prisoners through the gully on their hands and knees.

LUKE'S VOICE
(over radio)
You're flashing back -- we want to help, man...

197 EXT. EDGE OF GULLY - EVENING

Walker speaks into his radio.

WALKER
Subject is under way. I have a clear sightline.

198 EXT. GULLY - EVENING

Luke continues to plead with Bob over the walkie-talkie as Bob pushes one of the prisoners.

BOB
(to fireman)
Goddamit, move!!!

FIREMAN
C'mon, man, we're not going to...

Bob puts the rifle barrel to the man's head.

BOB
One more word, motherfucker! One more word and I'll take your fucking head off!!

A SHOT is FIRED, one of the hostages is slammed to the ground, the others pulled down with him. Bob whirls, FIRES a BURST in the direction of the marksman, then takes off down the gully.

We then see...

199 SALLY AND LUKE

react -- Luke continues to talk into radio.

200 LT. JOHNS

gives orders to men.

201 BOB

running through brush.

202 VARIOUS POLICE

move into position.

203 MARKSMEN

FIRE at Bob.

204 EXT. FREEWAY - EVENING

Beyond the freeway, heavy with the evening rush hour. Bob breaks through the underbrush, looks down at the traffic... (Continue to HEAR Luke's pleading over RADIO).

BOB
(into radio)
Giant enemy convoy headed south on main supply route -- it's up to me to stop 'em. Am alone -- repeat, am alone -- giant enemy convoy headed south...

Then he jumps, rolling down the ivy-covered slope above the freeway, to land on the pavement, crouching, turning his M16 on the blinding headlights of approaching traffic.

205 EXT. NAVAL CEMETERY - DAY

Bob is buried without pomp. Vi stands with Sally and Amanda. Earl, Cathy, Brick and Dickie and several others from Bob's outfit stand together. Luke remains below on the pavement. Father Corey delivers a simple prayer. No one lingers after the burial. At a limousine, Amanda turns, addressing no one in particular...

AMANDA
I didn't plan anything formal. But you're all more than welcome to stop by the hotel for a drink, if you like... Sally...

SALLY
(smiles)
I don't think so...

AMANDA
I know...

Father Corey holds the door for Amanda, climbs into the limousine after her. Dickie, Brick and the other Marines face Sally and Vi with awkward self-consciousness.

DICKIE
... It was nice knowing you...

The others can't think of anything to say. They stand looking at Bob's grave. Luke transfers into his Shelby. Sally and Vi walk to her van.

206 EXT. BEACH HOUSE ALLEY - DAY

The van parks. Sally and Vi climb out, start toward the stairs, then stop as they see Luke's car pull up outside. Vi looks at Sally...

VI
See you.

Vi discreetly disappears down the alley as Luke gets out of his car.

LUKE
Fuck this want to be alone shit...

Sally realizes that she is standing stiffly, almost defensively, between Luke and the stairway into the house. She smiles and steps aside. Luke moves to the steps, lowers himself and starts to climb them on his ass. Sally folds the chair and follows him as the CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK TO INCLUDE the beach, the surf, and the ocean.

FADE OUT.

THE END